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THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY REV. W. WIGNALL.

Year after year departs,
That fills the span of life,
And writes its record on our hearts
In words of love or strife.
Each passing year proclaims
The rapid flight of time;
That life, with all its hopes and aims,
We shortly must resign.

In youth they longer seem,
And fairer to our view;
In age they pass, like a dream —
The days seem short and few.
Our lives are like the years;
We have our spring of life,
The summer's strength, the autumn's awe,
The winter's deadly strife.

As come and go the years,
So come and go our lives,
Each laden comes with hopes and fears,
Each runs its course and dies.
Help us, O Lord, in these
Our days on earth to live,
That, dying, we Thy face may see,
And endless praises give!

THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM IN THE OCCIDENT.

BY REV. LOUIS A. BANKS.

A few months since, when the news came of the Wyoming massacre of Chinese miners, there had been as yet scarcely a ripple on the quiet waters of Puget Sound concerning the now vexed Chinese question. Almost simultaneously with that, perhaps a few days later, there appeared on the scene an Irish agitator from California, who proceeded to harangue the laboring people and to organize them into lodges of the "Knights of Labor." It has been the old story over again of the man who was given a small box in which was confined an evil spirit. In answer to its pleading, he partially opened the box, and out of it sprang a giant which seemed to fill the earth. He has turned loose on us one wild Irishman, and out of his communistic heart has sprung a phantom whose shadow has darkened the whole northwest coast, and whose tread has made our young city shake with terror.

Ere thirty days passed, four Chinese laborers had been cowardly murdered in their beds, and a camp out-fit worth some thousands of dollars burned at midnight, the inmates being driven half naked into the woods. Within ninety days these so-called knights arose en masse at Tacoma, and drove two hundred Chinese residents from their homes, through the dreaching rain to a railway station nine miles distant; they herded them on the open prairie, the storm beating all night long on the unprotected crowd, and next morning drove them all into the cars of an outgoing train, except two poor wretches that had to be carried, having died from exposure during that awful night.

Seattle only escaped the same, or it may be a worse fate, by the coming of the U. S. troops, who arrived in the very nick of time. The fact that some seventy leading agitators from different portions of the country have been indicted in the United States courts for violating the provisions of the Civil Rights Bill, and are under heavy bonds to appear soon for trial, has had a very soothing influence on the public pulse. As a rule, the parties engaged in these riotous proceedings are not native-born American citizens; the majority of them are Irish and German, with occasionally a fresh Englishman, and now and then a Scandinavian; the latter, however, is rarely found in such company.

The mayor of Tacoma, who has brought himself out so notorious disgrace, is a German liquor-dealer who can only make the blindest stagger toward speaking our language. His family is yet in Germany, and all his money not spent for beer or anti-Chinese demonstrations goes back to the Fatherland. In addition to this, it is an interesting fact that the seventeen persons, including one woman, indicted in Seattle for conspiracy

against the Chinese, are, without exception, members of the Liberal League, and enthusiastic followers of Ingersoll.

There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule—some very sad ones. Notable among these is a Mr. Nixon, who was president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Tacoma, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Nixon's sister and brother-in-law have been for many years missionaries to China, and have but just returned to carry on Chinese mission work on Puget Sound. Imagine their chagrin and deep humiliation upon finding the brother and Y. M. C. A. president resting under five well-earned indictments for unlawfully abusing and driving from their homes the very people to whom they had come to preach the Gospel.

Now, then, let us study a moment the excuses given for this agitation. One favorite rallying cry is that we are being overwhelmed by a great multitude of Chinese laborers, in opposition to, and defiance of, the Restriction law. But the census statistics do not bear out this statement. There are only thirty-three more Chinamen to-day when our population is one hundred and thirty thousand, than there were five years ago when we had only seventy thousand people. If twenty-five white people were able to get along peaceably and prosperously in competition with one Chinaman five years ago, there is no reason to believe forty-five white citizens are in danger of being overwhelmed by the same Celestial at the present time.

Besides, the cry that the Chinese bring the white laboring classes into a degrading competition with "cheap labor," loses its force when we are reminded that there is no place in the civilized world where laborers receive such generous wages, in proportion to the cost of living, as they do here. The one great bar to the general advancement and prosperity of the Pacific Coast section, is that labor is so high that it practically prohibits home manufacture. The butter on our table was made in an Iowa creamery; the lard used to shorten our pie-crust was canned in Chicago; the cheese we eat was pressed in New York; our shoes, made from hides which originally grew on Puget Sound cattle, have twice crossed the continent before they are ready for our wear; the wool sheared from our sheep this season will be shipped back next year in ready-made clothing, with two freight rates added; and other things innumerable might be mentioned. The greatest need we have is the importation of cheap labor backed by capital to sustain manufactures.

Another complaint made against the Chinamen is that they send all their earnings back to the Flowery Kingdom. This is, as a rule, true—after their living expenses are taken out, which, however, is not a small item. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the statement often made that the Chinaman drives out the white laborer by starving himself. The Chinaman has one peculiar characteristic—he lives according to his income. If he makes only fifty cents a day, he lives on vegetable soup and boiled rice, keeps out of debt, and steers clear of the gout. If he gets a dollar a day, he has beef, pork, potatoes and fish, and wheat bread. And if you raise his wages to a dollar and a half or two dollars, he will eat more chickens, turkeys, geese and fruits out of his wages than any other class of foreigners the writer has yet seen in America. But suppose the Chinese do send their surplus earnings home, even that is infinitely preferable to the use made of their money by a large class of other foreign immigrants. If the Irish dynamiter and the German socialist would take their money which they pay to saloons, breweries and dance halls, thus swelling our police force, filling our poor-houses and crowding out the Emerald Isle or the Fatherland, all good people would say "Amen."

Although little encouragement has been given the Chinese to invest in real estate, they paid more taxes last year into the treasury of the city of Seattle than the combined membership of the Knights of Labor Lodge, which was bent on driving them out at all hazards. The city at this mo-

ment is indebted to Chinese merchants to the sum of thirty thousand dollars borrowed money.

The statement which I have been surprised to see repeated recently in some Eastern papers, that the Chinese here are slaves, is utterly without foundation in fact. They go where they please, make their own contracts, collect their own wages, and are as free as any one else. Chinese merchants residing in this country did before the passage of the Restriction Act advance passage money to their poor countrymen desiring to come here, on condition that they repay the money advanced in monthly instalments from their wages, but this has been common among other nationalities as well. I am satisfied that if the Chinamen resident in Washington Territory had been as liberal patrons of the liquor traffic as European foreigners, it would have been impossible to have aroused the present agitation.

The Methodist ministry and at least nineteen-twentieths of the Methodist membership have been loyal to themselves and the church in this trying time. The Seattle District Ministerial Association, held in Battery St. Church, Seattle, during the 11th and 12th of November, passed the following resolution unanimously by a standing vote:—

"Resolved, That we regard the present effort to drive out of the Chinese laborers, either by force or fraud, to be cruel, brutal, un-American and un-Christian. We call upon all our people to do everything in their power to save them from further persecution, and to lose no opportunity of manifesting to these heathen strangers a true Christian spirit. We greatly desire that in this time of trouble these persecuted people shall find the church to be their refuge and Christians their truest defenders."

The above your correspondent believes to be the present orthodox position on the Chinese question.
Seattle, Dec. 1, 1885.

GLAD TIDINGS.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

Shout aloud, ye nations,
"Christ has come, our King!"
O'er vale and mountain
Let the tidings ring:
Come to free the captive,
Bound in error's chain;
Come to save the people;
Come in love to reign!

Ocean calls to ocean,
And the isles reply;
Star to star repeats it
Through the vaulted sky;
Earth, with myriad voices,
Joins the chorus grand,
"Christ, the Lord, has conquered
With His mighty hand."

Nevermore shall darkness
Quench the Gospel light;
Christ, our Star, has risen,
Banishing the night;
Through the earth His glory
Ne'er shall cease to roll;
Till His beams have gladdened
Every blood-bought soul!

THE LATEST ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE POPE.

BY PROF. WM. WELLS, LL. D.

The recent Papal Encyclical bears the general appearance of a remarkably liberal document from such a source; and a close examination of its points shows us that Leo XIII. is a much better diplomatist than his predecessor, who emphatically made use of speech to divulge and not to conceal his thoughts.

Starting from the fact that the Church is not for eternity only, but for all temporal things, and has as its task the duty of dispensing light and blessing, the Pontiff thinks it his mission to send his apostolic message to all peoples, in order to teach them how to avoid erroneous doctrines and to advance the interests of the church and the public weal at the same time.

He argues that the Church stands beside the State as an equal, but then asserts that this church has received the authority from God to control all men. And among these must be one who according to His will shall be the first and most important, and to whom, as the most reliable teacher of the truth, are intrusted the keys of heaven; that is, the Pope of Rome, of course. It is thus evident that the papal mind is imbued with the idea that the Church is perfectly independent, and is, therefore, endowed

with an organization of legislative and executive power which embraces all holy things with an absolute authority, so that these virtually control the State as the soul controls the body.

According to this statement, nothing must be overlooked in theory and practice, and all that the Romish Pope has ordained or shall ordain must be held firmly fast. This activity affects the family and all civil life as well. And here the Pope directs all Catholics to devote themselves to political life, unless some weighty reasons should induce the contrary; else, in his opinion, all who hate the church would possess all the power, and the good would be powerless. This is dear and intelligible teaching. The Pope appeals to the faithful in all lands to go at the work in order that all States may be modeled according to his written directions.

On this platform the adherents of all political parties will be welcome if they are only prepared to submit to the decisions of the apostolic chair in religious matters. Now this seems to be a mobilization of the entire Catholic world in order to conquer all States—republics as well as monarchies—for the Catholic Church. The encyclical consecrates the sword for the crusade, and the Liberals of all lands may thus know that the day of the struggle has come. This is a frank confession of the principle that has guided the papal conflicts in Europe for years, and all Liberals as well as Conservatives know it, and will now more than ever be on their guard. The Party of the Center in the German Parliament is just such a one as is indicated; politically it varies in endless shades, but on the religious question it is ever ready to obey the behests of the papal chair.

Many of the most offensive measures of this party have been carried by the votes of men that cared nothing for or about them, but who did care only to embarrass the State in certain things because it had opposed them in others. In this struggle the weal or woe of the State comes only in the second order, so long as the welfare of the State may be made to depend indirectly on the Church. In this policy it is assumed that the utterances of the Lord and the apostles are directed solely to the Romish Church, and the fact is wholly ignored that besides this there are still Christians within the Protestant Church, and that if these continue their growth in the immediate future as in the recent past, they will in the year 1900 exceed those of this Church of Rome. And the Greek Church also includes its millions, and it also is yearly increasing, while the Catholic Church is rather on the decrease.

We rejoice, however, that Leo XIII. has so clearly revealed the designs of his church, and that he now bids said church as such to enter the political arena for religious purposes. Not that we have not known this ere now, but that it is good to have the world to-day assured of the fact that the demands of Rome since the times of Gregory and Innocent, and Boniface have not been changed. With this status of the Romish Church, we submit that the "reprehensible and melancholy spirit of innovations of the 16th century" were perfectly justifiable. The reformers of that period knew whereof they testified, notwithstanding the persistent denials of the Church then of what it now so boldly acknowledges.

The Church may stand beside and within the State, but never above it; subordinate to it, but never subjugated to it. Cavour's magnificent device of a "free Church in a free State" puts both powers where they ought to be, but where they were not under Pius the Ninth, nor will be under Leo XIII. with this encyclical, which is clearly intended to pave the way to all temporal power that it can obtain by the ballot while waiting for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pontiff. The present encyclical we regard as a capital testimony to the fact that the Catholic Church has good digestive powers, and will quietly acquiesce in almost any measure that will further its interests. It much prefers to rule above the State, but will gracefully consent to rule within it if it can do better.

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

BY REV. EDWARD BEST.

MR. EDITOR: I believe many of your citizens, who have already seen most other parts of the civilized world, would feel amply repaid by a tour through this lovely land, in which so much of the sublime, beautiful, and wonderful abounds in a comparatively limited area. Those of its chief attractions which I have already seen, so far exceed my highest expectations, that I anticipate renewed and deepened joy in visiting other of its renowned sights. A brief reference to one or two in this region, may interest some of your readers.

This north island, more even than the southern ones, abounds with evidences of not remote volcanic action, and in several places there are sufficient proofs that the mighty fires and forces which shook and shaped these mountains and valleys only slumber, and might again wake up their awful power of disruption and destruction. Within the past week the small "White Island," a short distance from this coast, which is generally covered with clouds, vapor, and steam, and where seething caldrons are ever brewing and casting up large quantities of sulphur, has chased away the men who collect it by hurling up immense columns of mud and water, mixed with great boulders, nearly one thousand feet; but it is hoped it may shortly resume its normal condition. For fully one hundred and fifty miles around Auckland in different localities, there are these seething mud-holes and boiling springs, of endless variety and interest, chief among which are the white and pink terraces of Botomahana, or hot lake, which can be conveniently reached by rail and coach from Auckland, and, once seen, can never be forgotten or adequately described, but to an appreciative soul become "a joy forever."

WHITE TERRACES.

The visitor who approaches this natural wonder with preconceived ideas of its grandeur and beauty, will likely for the first few moments have a feeling of disappointment, for when first seen, he finds it is not exactly white, and when viewed in profile the terrace formation does not fully disclose itself. But when he descends the lake, and gets well in front of the terraces, he will look and wonder at this great slope of silica, rising tier above tier to the boiling fountain out of whose gorge has rushed the solution of flint which forms this wonderful incrustation. But what is any distant or bird's-eye view to the revelation of beauty which strikes one dumb as he ascends the steps of this gorgeous staircase? Could any Eastern fabulist in the wildest flight of his fancy imagine any creation of the genii to equal the exquisite workmanship of these sculptured fountains? Talk of snow wreaths, of alabaster, of parian marble, or any substance pure and rare, yet would the comparisons be feeble and misleading. The whiteness of this terrace is not that of snow or marble, nor yet the bluish transparency of alabaster, but that soft warm flush which may sometimes be seen in certain marbles, and which possibly might be reproduced in porcelain. These terraces cover the hill-slope, ascending from the margin of the lake to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet, contracting in breadth as they ascend to the cauldron from which this flint water rises. The final platform is about fifty feet broad, so that the general outline is that of a half-open fan. But, O ye elves and fairies, did ye ever see such a fan as this? The surface is not a plane, but rather convex, running in various sized curves, dipping down to each side, until it touches the ferns and shrubs by whose green setting it is fringed. On reaching the foot of the terrace, a short walk over a gleistering surface of rippling silica, hard as a pavement of marble, brings one to the lower basins, where the water has had time to cool in its slow, trickling descent, and has become merely tepid. The walls of the basins are massive and rounded, running into an infinite variety of scallop and curvatures, the lower part receding, and the upper edge overhanging, forming a thick, rounded lip, over which the water trickles from one basin to another, making its steady course to the lake.

The water which fills these reservoirs is no less wonderful and exquisite than the basins which hold it. It is blue, but can all nature elsewhere produce such a blue as this? More delicate than the shaded sky—a milky, pellucid blue, with gem-like iridescence like the shifting light of an opal. These basins rise one above another in unbroken succession, the level of one forming the base for the wall of the next. Hundreds of these lovely reservoirs, of bewildering variety, go to form the terraces, no one the exact shape of its neighbor—the irregular sweeping curve of one being somewhere intersected by the arc of another, but each more exquisite than any curve drawn by a compass. As you ascend, the steps become purer in tint and more richly colored and fretted. Their variety of size, form, and beauty only awakens a feeling of rapturous bewilderment. But when the first flash of surprise has passed, there is a sense of repose and placidity in this petrified torrent, a hushed stillness, and mighty, enduring strength, as if ascending to the very throne of the Eternal. Talk

becomes painful and discordant, and feelings of reverence, wonder, and gratitude pervade one's being. The terraces vary both in breadth and height. One consists of a comparatively narrow ledge, while another is several feet broad. Some are only a few inches high; others rise in massive walls for several feet. About half way up the buttresses become formidable walls, which have to be surmounted by a series of smaller steps.

But how to describe the beauty of these buttresses, over the edges of which hang in folds and forms of loveliness a drapery of silica like richest lace! It seems as if these foaming cascades were mesmerized in their fall, and woven into a fretwork of delicate tracery, down whose fluted furrows the water of the higher basins slides like cords of purple and silver. Below this crust of silica the walls recede into shallow alcoves, of sufficient size to allow a child to sit under it, protected from the small cascades which fall from the dome above, which has led to their being called the "Umbrella Buttresses." In the recesses underneath these the creamy white, which is the prevailing color of the more exposed surface, is overlaid with films of the most brilliant colors—green, orange, chromes and ochres, browns and reds.

As you ascend the terrace, not only do the buttresses grow purer in color and more massive, but the water becomes perceptibly hotter and, if possible, more exquisite in tint. At the bottom you dip your feet into the tepid water, and feel like keeping them there forever, only you are drawn from one level by the more enchanting beauty of the one above it. But as you ascend, you feel less inclined to remove your slippers, as the heat becomes almost unbearable, and you pick your way along the delicate lips of these basins, afraid at first to rest your weight on their exquisite tracery, until you begin to realize you have flint beneath your feet. As you near the top, the silica work becomes even more lovely and fairy-like than below, cup rising from cup in number countless and variety bewildering till at last you reach the top platform, which opens out in a sea of marble waves, just as if the crested surface of a lake had been struck by enchantment into stone. Arrived at the summit, you ascend a small hillock covered with lycopodium and fern, and then look down into the fountain and source of all this wonder—a semi-circular hollow in the hill, with steep walls of clay, of that peculiar reddish, soapy appearance which characterizes soils subjected to the action of steam heat. At the bottom is the great cauldron measuring thirty or forty feet in diameter, going down to depths unknown, sending up at times magnificent jets of water and forming one of the finest spectacles in the lake region. Sometimes the water sinks down into the funnel, leaving the outer basin dry, but usually it is full and running over with limpid blue water through which you see the coral sides with extraordinary distinctness, while the centre rises into a shifting cone in a state of violent ebullition, the overflow running in a thin stream to the lake, descending from terrace to terrace, leaving its marvelous deposit of silica as it goes, and producing a flight of stairs fit for angels and gods.

Thames, New Zealand.

THE THEATRE AND METHODISM.

BY HENRY B. DAWSON, LL. D.

While I was examining the volumes of Almon's "Parliamentary Register," a few days since, my attention was arrested by the record of the attempt, in May, 1775, "to establish a play-house [theatre] at Manchester," by Act of Parliament.

On the introduction of the bill into the House of Lords, the Earl of Radnor had moved to reject the motion which had been made to read the bill, the first time; and his opposition was so effective that the supporters of the bill, fearing that it would be lost at that early stage, very adroitly moved the previous question, on the Earl's motion, on which he "was left in a minority consisting of himself"—even the Bishops who were occupying their seats in the House, as "lords spiritual," voted against him.

The Earl was very reasonably indignant, especially since the same prelates, in convocation, a short time previously, had lamented the immorality which was then overwhelming the country; and he immediately entered a formal protest against the bill, in the following words:

"Dissentient: For the reasons entered in the journals the 26th of February, 1771, [when an act was under consideration for partially repealing the Play-house Act which had been passed in the tenth year of George the Second's reign] which I conceive, at least, operate with equal force against establishment of a theatre in the town of Manchester; and because no argument or local consideration can, in my judgment, justify even the partial repeal of a law so well calculated to restrain dissipation and licentiousness, and to promote the cause of industry, morality, and religion; as every such repeal directly tends to the increase of those very evils which, in the late address of the convocation to His Majesty, the prelates [who now, with such inconsistency, countenance this bill] observe, with infinite concern, do, at this time, present a very gloomy prospect to every serious and considering mind."

RADNOR.

Of course the bill was read the first time; and the Earl, at least for that time, was silenced. But a few days afterwards, the bill was brought forward for a second reading, when the Bishop of London rose to excuse himself and his prelate brethren on the bench of bishops for their abandonment of the Earl and their consequent support of the bill. An extended debate ensued, in which, besides the Bishop of London, the Earl of Radnor, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl Gower, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Viscount Dudley, and the Bishop of Bangor, participated; and I am free to say that I have seldom, if ever, seen the great question of the immorality and evil produced by dramatic spectacles, on both its sides, as ably presented, as on that occasion.

Among the arguments which were presented by the friends of the bill, and, consequently, in favor of the proposed theatre and of the drama, was that of the Earl of Carlisle, one of whose successors in the title was so welcome a visitor to the United States, some years since, in which the Earl presented the theatre as a counteracting influence against the growing influence of Methodism in England! He said that Methodism was daily gaining ground, particularly in the manufacturing towns; and that play-houses, well regulated, would be the means of dispelling those gloomy thoughts and that melancholy state of mind so favorable to the propagation of the dangerous doctrines embraced by those sectaries. He would not say plays were, therefore, at this time, less witty; but they were, certainly, less immoral and indecent than the productions of former periods; and, consequently, that a restrictive hand was less necessary than it ever was before.

The purpose of this note is not to discuss the morality or the immorality of the theatre, but to lay before the readers of Zion's Herald the opinions of an English Earl on the English Methodists of a hundred and ten years ago; on the character of the Methodism of that period, as he understood that subject; and on one of the means which he evidently thought would be useful in the apparently desired suppression of "those sectaries" and of "the dangerous doctrines" which they were then promulgating, "particularly in the manufacturing towns" in the mother country.

The Methodists and the theatre are continued until this day, and quite as antagonistic as they evidently were in 1775; but I do not imagine that any advocate of the drama, to-day, will urge a support of the theatre for the special and acknowledged purpose of thereby suppressing Methodism or Methodists.

Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

Here is Wisdom.—Custom is the great enemy of faith and of reason likewise; and one of the worst tricks custom plays us in making us fancy that miraculous things cease to be miraculous by becoming common.—*Christian Secretary.*

A Crying Evil.—The crying evil in educational affairs in the United States is the failure of half the country to organize the free school system in an effective way, and the mischievous intermeddling in other States, by hostile and visionary parties, with the legitimate operation of the department of popular instruction.—*Journal of Education.*

"Shallow Thinkers" Indeed.—Shallow in this advanced age for our gospel. The fact, however, is, that nothing is so imperatively required, so long as injustice, self-seeking, dishonesty, sensuality, lying, greed, are bringing forth their natural harvests of discontent, violence and misery, there is more need of the Gospel of Jesus than of blind bread.—*Universalist.*

An Immense Absurdity.—In the local column of a recent Sabbath issue of a daily secular newspaper, the first item is, "This is the Sabbath; keep it holy." Then follow the usual jottings of things about city and country, the apologetic fair, the recent dance, business transactions, fighting scrapes, etc., intermingled with notices of religious services.—*New York Observer.*

Objects to the Sunday Paper.—The question reaches farther and deeper than the mere number of hours' work done by the employees on the paper. The Sunday Journal spreads the air of Sabbath desecration through our streets and homes. The very name of it is un-Christian, a symbol of a Lord's Day dishonored. It is a banner of the enemy.—*Advance.*

Another Objection Well Stated.—However worldly people may think and feel on this subject, there can be no question that all truly Christian people who have been beguiled into the practice of reading Sunday newspapers, have discovered their demoralizing influence in secularizing their thoughts, chilling their piety, and disqualifying them for holy worship and religious work. And all such should certainly stamp the Sunday newspaper with their earnest practical condemnation.—*Baptist Weekly.*

And This is a Good Exhortation for Followers of Wesley.—Men and brethren, the season for special religious work is upon us. How quickly it will pass away again, and another period of vacation and inactivity will come! What shall we do? Shall we dawdle the winter away, or shall we, every man at his work, do what in him lies to bring forth fruit unto God? No doubt the power is of God, but the labor is of man. It is a "work of faith and a labor of love." Not a theory of faith and a sentiment of love. To the work! To the work!—*Independent.*

Miscellaneous.

WAYS AND MEANS.

An Open Letter to a Young Preacher Desiring to Study.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your note, expressing a desire to enter our School of Theology, is received. I am gratified that your interest was sufficient to lead you to write. It shall be my earnest endeavor to give you a helpful and every way encouraging answer.

Your chief difficulty seems to be the financial one. You inquire: "Can I secure a small appointment near Boston, with sufficient salary to support me in an economical way during my course in the School?" This is a most familiar question. You would be surprised to learn how many young preachers propound it to the authorities of this School every season. Each seems to see no way in which he can come and enjoy the instruction here offered unless a reasonable support can be promised him definitely in advance.

What can we say in reply? We are not presiding elders, nor chairmen of even one committee on pulp supply. Nor is there an unlimited number of small appointments in and near Boston left by the Conference "to be supplied." Even if there had been twenty so left last year, and we had supplied them, we should need twenty more this year for the new applicants, and twenty more for those of the year following. Plainly, it is impossible for us, or for anybody, to find churches for all the ministers who would like to come to Boston, and who would be profited by coming to our School. Nor would it be right for us to promise anything to one brother which we are not prepared to promise to every other of equal experience and acceptability and of equal need.

What, then, can be said to each and all alike? 1. That in this School Christian benefactors who love the church and love you, offer you the best of instruction in all branches of Biblical and theological study, unsurpassed library opportunities, together with a great variety of collateral advantages, with absolutely no pecuniary charge therefor. The entire expense of supporting the large body of learned men who are here called together to give their lives to your instruction, is borne by the direct gifts and the proceeds of the gifts of these benefactors.

2. They offer you the occupancy of a furnished room in the heart of Boston for three years without cost. For an equally good room in any neighboring lodging house or hotel you would have to pay a very large rent.

3. They offer you rent-free boarding and laundry accommodations, so that in the Students' Boarding Club you are able to procure board and washing at less than cost, and very possibly at less price than you are now paying where you are. For many years the price for board in the Club has averaged but \$2.50 per week.

4. For the heating, cleaning and repairing of the students' rooms, and for the heating, lighting and daily care of the public rooms used by them, there is, of course, a large outlay over and above the other general expenses of the School. Toward this, as a regular student, you are required to contribute two small annual fees each of ten dollars—a special student fifteen dollars more. These small contributions constitute the only annual receipts of the Institution from the student. Its own contribution in the form of direct cash outlay for his profits is, as you see at once, far greater than his. Not to speak of those to whom the School gives the income of scholarships and other beneficiary funds, the institution, in effect, gives to every young man it graduates the sum of one thousand dollars. That is, what it gives him costs the institution that amount of money over and above his own contribution. When others stand ready to do so much for you, cannot you or your friends do the little which is further necessary, in order that you may enjoy the benefit?

5. During the course of your first year in the School, you will need about two hundred dollars—one hundred to pay your board in the Students' Club, and one to cover your expenses for washing, lights, books, clothing, etc. Before the close of the first year, nearly if not quite all our students who have to support themselves, and who have had experience in preaching, do succeed in finding places at which to preach with compensation sufficient to enable them to meet their bills while completing their studies. The faculty strongly advise the student not to burden himself in this way if he can possibly avoid it; but if it is only thus that he can enjoy the advantages of the School, and the student is mature and experienced, it is wise to use the opportunity. And nowhere are there more or better opportunities of the kind than in and around Boston. To obtain them, however, one must be upon the ground, visible to the people who wish for the service, and known to the presiding elders in whose districts the charges are situated. No preaching places can be promised to any person in advance of his coming, however well he may be recommended by letter. And all applications on this subject, whether personal or by letter, should be to the presiding elders, and not to the faculty of our School.

6. If you are altogether destitute of funds, and perhaps already in debt for your college course, and have no parents or friends who can assist you in securing your theological training, and are thus entirely dependent on your own efforts, what can be done?

(1.) If in debt, it will very likely be your wisest course to take a year's time, and by teaching or other perhaps more lucrative employment, rid yourself of this embarrassment. Teaching will give you experience of great value in your future life-work. And be not afraid of any other respectable occupation. A summer in the hay field may give you more money than a winter in the school house, with great physical benefit in

addition. Even if not in debt, it is often wise, for the sake of health and to accumulate "means," to spend a year in some lucrative employment before entering the theological course.

(2.) Your own Annual Conference may have an Education Society which collects funds expressly to aid such needy students as yourself. If so, ascertain the name of its corresponding secretary, and make application for its assistance.

(3.) If your home is within any one of the following Conferences: the Maine or East Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New England, or New England Southern, you are within the patronizing territory of the New England Education Society. The loans of this Society are really gifts, inasmuch as those beneficiaries who successfully complete their studies and enter an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are not required to repay the loans advanced, unless they turn aside to other employments. State your case in full to the corresponding secretary of this excellent Society; your pastor, or presiding elder, will always be able to give you his name and post-office address. At present it is Rev. N. T. Whitaker, A. M., Providence, R. I.

(4.) If your home is outside the Conferences which have Education Societies of their own, or if your own Conference Education Society cannot help you for lack of means, you have still another resort. Write to Rev. D. P. Kidd, D.D., corresponding secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 805 Broadway, New York. This beneficent agency distributes annually tens of thousands of dollars in loans to just such needy students as you. On these loans you have no interest to pay until after the completion of your studies. Even then all collections, which as pastor of a church you may make from year to year for the Board, will be credited to you as payments upon your indebtedness. In this way it will be easy for you in a few years to pay back all you find it necessary to borrow. Neither from this Board nor from the New England Education Society, which is an auxiliary to the Board of Education, is one allowed to borrow more than one hundred dollars a year, and no one is allowed to be a beneficiary of both at the same time.

(5.) Finally, if by any possibility it should so happen, that after considering all of the above suggestions and acting upon those practicable to you, you should still find yourself unencouraged and unhelped, then write again, telling the whole story to

Yours fraternally,

WM. F. WARREN.

Boston University School of Theology, Boston, Mass.

BENNETT SEMINARY.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

Located at Greensboro, North Carolina, this is one of the oldest, largest, and best of our schools for freedmen in the South. The land on which it is located was purchased with money collected in New England by Rev. Matthew Allston. Bro. Allston was one of the saints of earth, and has left a precious memory behind him. He is venerated in his former home as few men are after death. The seminary is named for a good man of New York State, who put \$10,000 into a substantial school building, and so built him self a monument. What a pity that more good men do not build themselves similar monuments! The chances for such investments are by no means exhausted. The writer knows of more than a dozen, and some of them are first-rate. It would afford the greatest possible pleasure to bring the money needed and the chance together. It is enough to make one's heart ache, to see all these magnificent opportunities for usefulness pass year after year without improvement. Why do not our wealthy men and women seek these gracious openings? Why, when they see them, will they not enter them? The worst use one can make of money is to hoard and worship it, unless, indeed, it be worse to squander it upon foolish or wicked self-indulgence. God's poor are so needy, why will not somebody respond?

The presidents of Bennett Seminary have for the most part come from New England, and hence New England should have an interest in this school. The last two, President E. O. Thayer, son of the venerable Dr. L. R. Thayer of the New England Conference, and President W. F. Steele, son of the scholarly Dr. D. Steele, of the New England Conference, have both done excellently well, and have carried the school to a high rank in discipline and effective and thorough training. They both deserve great credit. But neither of them have done half what they might have done if they had been supplied with room and necessary facilities. It is surprising that the most abundant relief has not long since been given to the tollers in this institution. If ever an institution needed and deserved help, it is this. The smallest sum that should be thought of is \$20,000. With this amount such buildings could be erected; or, rather, such additions might be made to the one now standing, as would supply accommodations for nearly two hundred additional pupils, and in this way the moral, intellectual and religious influence of the school would be intensified and wonderfully increased.

Greensboro, the site of the school, is one of the pleasantest towns in the South. It is a thriving, growing place. It is famous for having been the Southern residence of the author of the "Fool's Errand." Here and hereabouts are the scenes of the transactions related in that most thrilling volume. It makes the book more real to visit some of the more prominent points.

Not far from Greensboro was fought one of the most desperate and bloody battles of the Revolution. Just four or five miles away to the north-west, almost in sight of our Seminary, is the scene of the battle. It was on

the 15th of March, 1781, that about four thousand Americans under Gen. Greene, and about twenty-five hundred British troops under Lord Cornwallis, engaged in deadly conflict. Some of the Americans behaved badly, but still were not defeated. Both sides lost heavily; neither could claim a victory; but the British were crippled, and so the results were of real advantage to the cause of independence. But now there is no sound of war in all these regions. British and Revolutionists, Federals and Confederates—for they were all about here—have vanished, and peace prevails. The hum of industry is heard in the shops and places of business, and, in fact, there is a certain air of Yankee smartness infused into the whole community.

One remarkable feature of the place is a colony of freedmen, owning their homes. A good old Quaker, Friend Warner, shortly after the war bought a considerable tract of land near the town, and sold it out to the colored people in small parcels of a few acres and secured them in their possessions by valid titles. They have continued to hold their lands, and in many cases have erected cabins, and houses of considerable size in some instances; and for the most part these homes have the appearance of thrift and comfort. It is with regret that the fact must be stated that there is one miserable run-down right in the midst of this otherwise prosperous settlement. Drink is a curse to either black or white. The poorer a man, the less he can afford to spend his money for drink. The less a man knows, the less he can afford to spend for drink. In the first case he needs his money for the necessities of life; in the second case he needs it for books and schooling. Would to God that this terrible curse of drink could be removed from all our land! To this end there must be intelligent training. Our church schools in the South contribute directly and powerfully and successfully to this desirable result. How long must it be before our people in the North will supply us with what we need to make our schools all that we desire and hope?

AMONG THE APACHES.

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

(Read before the Lowell Indian Association, Dec. 3, 1885.)

An excellent series of articles, illustrated by wood-cuts, on "The Indians in the United States," appeared in *The Gospel in all Lands*, of July, 1885. From these valuable papers we learn that there are more than 300,000 Indians within our borders. These are not, neither can they at present become, citizens, but are the "wards of the nation." Their relation to the law was ably discussed by President Gates a few months ago, a résumé of which, and of kindred topics, appeared in *Zion's Herald*, Sept. 23, 1885. Of these 300,000 U. S. Indians 7,098 are Apaches. Three hundred and eight of these are mingled with the various tribes in that Botany Bay for Indians which lies between Texas, Kansas, and Arkansas, and is called Indian Territory; 1,790 are in New Mexico, at the Mesquero and Jicarilla agency; the remaining 5,000 are located at San Carlos Agency, Arizona. The Apache tribe awakens our interest not only because of their superior, but untutored powers, but especially because they have made, and are to-day making, things lively for U. S. soldiers and newspaper men by reason of their deadly doings in the Southwest, and over the line into Mexico.

The latest studies in ethnology as applied to the Apaches, yield to the specialists' clear evidence that they are lineal descendants of the Tinnah Indians of Alaska and British North America. At some remote period their vigorous ancestors pushed their way down from the region of the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers, within the Arctic Circle, down through the continent to Mexico. What a journey they must have had! The grounds for this view are: similarities of language as seen in names for common things; also the fact that Pueblo Indians and other tribes regard the Apaches as foreigners in the Southwest, claiming that they came from the far north, which the Apaches themselves concede.

There are the best of reasons for regarding them as closely related to the 17,000 Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico. Navaja being the Spanish word for razor, it is also applied to implements and weapons that cut. The Navajos, therefore, are to the Mexicans Apaches armed with sharp weapons. The fact of their relation to the Navajos may greatly help in the solution of the problem of their taming; for as the Navajos are rendered harmless and even helpful to the nation, so may their Apache brothers be made by similar treatment.

The Apache as we find him is by no means the creature of "sweetness and light" as Powhatan seems to have been, nor does he measure up to the standard of Cooper's good Indian, whom the novelist himself once acknowledged to have lived only in his own vivid imagination. One of the best descriptions of the worst Apaches of to-day that we call to mind at this writing, is that of one of the Latin poets who described our ancestors in terms like these: "Foes are they, fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce; . . . they live on the pillage of the world. Their delight is war and the chase. Their aims, thus to get food enough and warmth from northern winters." In looking at the Indian question, how apt we are to forget "the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were dug." The facts are, that less than twenty-five hundred years ago, our ancestors in Britain and northwest Europe were not only heathen, but literally savages. Their skin dresses, huts, and mat huts, their worship of the sun, of fire, of thunder, and of the north wind, their anticipation of a home in Valhalla where they would spend eternity in

combats and hunting, seem to us like Indian tales of to-day. Ancestral study, if we carry it back far enough, may greatly help us in the solution of the Indian problem.

Of the 7,098 Apaches, only four as yet don citizens' dress wholly, and only 1,786 in part, and in most cases it is in very small part. Twenty-five only can speak English, and twenty-four only can read. Of the 35,000 Indians of the Southwest, outside of Indian Territory, only 6,000 are fed by the Government, and these are all Apaches, so that six-sevenths of this tribe are fed by Uncle Sam, and they are the only ones so fed in all the Southwest.

Let us look in upon them for a few moments at their San Carlos Reservation of about 10,000 square miles. It is only an executive reservation, and because it has never been confirmed by Congress, the Indian has not even a tribal right to the land. This whole section of country is an arid desert, save only the oases at the northeast in and near Fort Apache, where 1,400 of the tribe are under the care of Gen. Crook, and also that very small parcel of arable land on the banks of the Salt and Gila rivers, where we find 5,000 Apaches. This post, sixty miles south of Fort Apache, is a very sickly spot, and is hated by the tribe in consequence. Those 1,790 Apaches at the Mesquero and Jicarilla agency in New Mexico are better treated, and are contented. The history of the Apaches at San Carlos, and the record of their advent there, is a dark one, and in it we find ample reasons for their depredations.

The Apaches with this territory came into our hands at the close of our Mexican war in 1848, and upon the Gadsden purchase and settlement in 1853. These acquisitions embraced all the Apache territory. Immediately upon the close of the Mexican war came the gold discovery and craze, and in the rush for the yellow ore, the Indian, and especially the Apache, was found to be a hindrance. Then was inaugurated the "kill 'em off policy," which was pursued by the U. S. army in the Southwest, by the white settlers, and passing emigrants.

In 1848-9, the theory and practice of our military commander in New Mexico was, "peace by extermination." This was the policy until Gen. Carleton took command in 1862. His military rule was also most decidedly in favor of dead Indians, as seen in such orders as these: "The men (Indians) are to be slain wherever and wherever found." "Kill them wherever you can find them." "If they send a flag of truce and desire to sue for peace, say you have no power to make peace; kill them." On April 10, 1863, his order to the commander at Fort Stanton was: "Be sure to have slain every Mesquero who may be met with at large in the vicinity of his post."

"Destroy, kill, exterminate Indians wherever found," are his very words. These are but samples of orders given; they illustrate the provocations to their deadly doings which the Apaches had given them by the new government under which they had been placed without their consent. Thus they were regarded and treated as "vermin" (I am quoting), "as vermin to be killed wherever met with."

In February of 1871, there occurred a bloody scene which rivals even the "massacre at Glencoe." It is known as the Camp Grant massacre in Arizona. The kindly young Lieutenant R. E. Whitman was then in command. A young Apache chief, with twenty-five of his band, came to him, and desired peace, and said they had no home. He advised them to go to the White Mountain. The chief said they could not live with the mountain Apaches, and wished to locate near the camp until something could be done for them. The officer wrote to Washington about them. Nothing was done for them, although over five hundred had now gathered there. Lieutenant Whitman helped and encouraged them as much as he could, and they worked well and brought in on their backs 200,000 pounds of hay to the post. On the morning of April 30, word came to the camp that a party from Tucson were on their way to slaughter all these three hundred peaceful Indians near the camp, and before warning or help could be sent to them, they were massacred, so that not a living Indian could be found. It was a sad sight, says an eye-witness, to see the poor Indian women slaughtered, and lying beside the bundles of hay which they were carrying to the fort.

Strange to say, Lieut. Whitman, who denounced the crimes of these white savages, and pleaded for the Apaches, was soon relieved of his command. This is only one instance of many where "Indian hunting" expeditions have gone forth on their inhuman errands. Territorial legislatures have on their records fixed prices for scalps secured by these "Indian hunters." In Idaho the rewards for slaughter were, "\$100 each for heads of bucks" (men, you know), "\$50 each for heads of squaws," \$25 each for anything in the shape of the head of an Indian under ten years of age. In view of such facts, how can we wonder that the Apache sometimes goes on the war-path to revenge the wrongs of his tribe?

The Apaches seem to have given but little trouble to the government from this massacre until 1876, when suddenly orders came to the California Apaches in the region of Warm Springs in New Mexico, that they must be removed to the San Carlos agency, on the ground of its being cheaper for the government to care for them there. They pleaded the graves of their ancestors, their love of the land of their birth, their homes, and the impossibility of their living in Arizona after such a climate as Warm Springs, but all was of no avail; they must go. Therefore Agent Plum, acting for the government, removed four thousand of them. It should be said to his great credit that he did it before the close of 1877, and without the loss of a single life on the way.

These California Indians found San Carlos very unhealthy, and under the

lead of such chiefs as Victorio and Geronimo, left, and went on the war-path and made desolate many settlers' homes on their way back to Warm Springs. The accounts of the capture of Victorio, who stole away in September, 1877, as told in the *Independent* of June 18, 1885, and of Geronimo, as told in the *Youth's Companion* of May 8, 1884, are thrillingly interesting. These escapades between 1876 and 1884 were frequent among this wildest branch of the Apaches known as the Chiricahuas, whom people began to regard as an enemy not to be despised, and as a friend never to be trusted.

The next and latest general outbreak of this tribe is that of the Chiricahuas in 1882-3, when they fled from San Carlos Agency to the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico. The direct occasion of this outbreak was the attempt of an agent to arrest an Indian for a grave offense. But the Indian ran off through the camp, and an Indian policeman, acting for the agent, shot at him, but hit and killed a squaw. This was enough. After killing the policeman, and playing football with his head, 710 Apaches started on the dead run through South Arizona and New Mexico, killing whites, and stealing as they went until they reached Sierra Madre in Mexico, where they became a terror to the Mexicans. Arrangements were made with the Mexican government to allow our troops to go after them. Gen. Crook, the Indian war veteran, had the task assigned him of subduing them and bringing them back. The whole story is well told and illustrated by Capt. Bourke in the *Outing Magazine* for August, September, and October, 1885, and will well repay for reading.

The result was the capture of Geronimo and his host in their fastnesses in the Sierra Madre, and their restoration to the sickly San Carlos agency, where the Chiricahuas, without sufficient food and winter clothing, were expected to remain contented. Gen. Crook was doing his best to remove their ills, when about a year ago a change of method was forced upon him by new authorities divided among themselves. The result on the Apaches was that in May last, forty-two of the most vigorous young men and ninety-two squaws again refused such treatment, and went on the war-path even into Mexico, where our soldiers killed twelve men, and thirty women, who had avenged themselves upon the whites whom they found in their path. When the troops would come up to them, the Chiricahuas would scatter and meet again at some point fifty or a hundred miles distant. This was not a general outbreak.

The latest account of their depredations may be found in one of our local papers of Tuesday last under the heading: "Red Devils at it Again." It does not tell us of their provocations, but that some of these Chiricahuas are on the war-path again, against their White Mountain brothers, and at least five whites and six Indians have been killed. The troops are busy quelling the disturbances and chasing the fugitives to the Sierra Madre. The cause of the outbreak of this week may possibly differ from others, but concerning former troubles Gen. Crook says, and he is the highest authority: "In almost every Indian war which I have known any thing about, the prime cause thereof has been either the failure of our government to make good its pledges, or the wrongs perpetrated upon them by unscrupulous whites. This condition of affairs can no longer continue. The Indian has now sufficient knowledge of the needs of the country to force us to deal justly with him; and if he is not so dealt with, he will go on the war-path."

The 1,400 White Mountain Apaches at Fort Apache are under Gen. Crook's immediate care, and have the best of the land and are doing well; 1,200 San Carlos Apaches are located fourteen miles up the San Carlos River, on whose somewhat fertile banks they live in peace; 1,400 are on the Gila river east of the Agency; 1,400 Yumas are on the west bank; 600 Mohaves and 400 Yumas are on the south bank; 1,000 Tontos are on the north bank. These together raised, last year, under the greatest disadvantages of soil, and with the poorest of farming tools, 1,000 bushels of wheat, 4,464 bushels of corn, of oats and barley 8,000 bushels, of beans 500 bushels, of vegetables 2,600 bushels. They also cut 250 tons of hay. This was done by the peaceful section of this tribe. But the Chiricahuas of Sierra Madre fame, what shall be done with them?

Those best able to answer this question, say not give them land in severalty, nor make them citizens of the United States just yet; nor even send them back to Warm Springs; but remove them all to Fort Apache, where enough food can be raised to support them to teach them what they know about farming. As they are skillful weavers of excellent blankets, even with the crudest looms, give them labor-saving machinery, and teach them how to use it. Give them schools and teachers, and let the church send missionaries to preach to them the Gospel of Christ which saved our own ancestors from savagery, and has been the chief agency in changing the flat-headed, fat-eating European savage into men of the Gladstone and Garfield type.

As to the Chiricahuas, the worst among these had Indians, who trouble us most of all, enlist them, says one who knows best, enlist them into United States Cavalry regiments on full soldier's pay. One such Indian horseman under government pay and control, will do the work of a score not to be saddled, as he is, and will do it better. Gen. Crook is now solving the Indian problem, among this most troublesome tribe, and is doing it successfully. Give him full power; allow him to make horse soldiers of the Chiricahuas, give him the practical means, and in five years he will present these 7,098 Apaches, 6,000 of whom are now fed by the government, a self-supporting people, just as their Navajo brothers are.

So the needs of the Apaches, like the needs of every other tribe, we conclude are: common justice; common sense in applying it; common schools; and the common salvation of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To secure these for them at the earliest possible moment, two things are needed on the part of the citizens of these United States, namely: Information and Agitation.

Our Book Table.

We receive three very handsomely bound duodecimo volumes from the Methodist Book Rooms, for sale by J. P. Magee in Boston. The first is by a correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, whose articles are sure to be read for their good sense and pleasant style—Rev. Edward A. Rind. The volume is one of the Up-the-Ladder Club series, and is entitled, *The School in the Light House*, \$1.25. This is a very well-told story, with incident enough in it to win the average lad to its reading. It is a story of school life under peculiar circumstances, and ends with a pathetic illustration of the power of the Gospel in the case of the dying penitent.

The Lost Silver of Bury Hill, by Amelia E. Barr, is another 12mo volume (\$1.25). The story is written by an experienced hand. The scene is laid in the West, and its scenery, incidents and social life are well described. The story is one of somewhat painful interest. A pretty, vain, and selfish girl turns from her plighted lover to another unworthy of her. A hard time enough she has in it in consequence of her false step; but happily she is saved, and the author's providence aids her to find again the true heart of her earliest friend.

Another story, from the same house, is, *How it All Came Round*, by L. T. Meade, with six illustrations, \$1.00. This is the republication of an English story. The scenery and life are purely English. The story is a familiar one—an excellent girl, cheated out of her fortune by a fraudulent relative, married happily but in poverty to a man who is excellent, but severe discipline, and profits by it. Ultimately the wrong is discovered; the sinner suffers as he ought, and the deserving heiress enters into her property through the agency of a generous relative. The story is told with much dramatic power.

Lee & Shepard publish an anonymous novel, which has excited considerable attention. It is entitled *The Dawning*, 12mo, 382 pp. Its scene is Boston, and the events occur in our days. Familiar names, like that of Wendell Phillips, appear in its pages. It is a story of society, with much plot and not much realism. There are marks of an unaccustomed hand about it, but also of good descriptive powers.

Robert Carter & Brothers issue *Cassandra's Casket*, by Emily Marshall, 12mo, \$1.50. This is an English tale for young readers—a story of home instruction, and of a beautiful illustration of youthful piety; and this example of piety was the treasure that Cassandra had placed in her casket. It is a pleasant, simple and wholesome story.

The National Temperance Society publishes, from the pen of one of its best writers—Mrs. Mary Dwinell Chellis—*Miss Belinda's Friends*. This is a graphic picture of the struggle against liquor slavery; how a temperance club was formed; what obstacles it met, and what blessed work it accomplished.

Smooth Stones from Scripture, by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham. This little volume contains over forty direct, earnest and impressive expositions of Scripture, equally divided between the well-known evangelist and his wife. Many well-known passages are given as a memento of their evangelical labors. It forms an excellent religious manual for general circulation. J. A. Whipple.

Funk & Wagnalls publish *The Final Sacrifice*, or, *Spiritual Materialism*, 12mo, \$1.00. The writer withholds his name. This volume is a rich bit of satire. The author assumes to be a materialistic agnostic, and proposes, upon the modern scientific basis of evolution, to solve all the chief problems of the age. Without yielding his apparent confidence in the theory, he runs himself at every point into the ground. The satire is well and ably managed.

From E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York, we have *Our Parish Church*; Twenty Addresses to the Congregation on Great Truths of the Christian Faith, by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M. A. \$1.05. These sermons are not so much addressed to children as to young people. They are not collections of stories and illustrations, but clear, simple and positive declarations of vital truth, presented in a way to reach and impress the understanding and yet hold the interest of intelligent youths. They are specially addressed to students upon the Episcopal Church, and intended to interpret the significance of the different offices of worship, and will suggest to the thoughtful minister of the denomination the value of associating everything in connection with the house of God with the tenderest and most solemn impressions of early days.

The Heavenly Vision, and Other Sermons, by Henry M. Booth, of the Presbyterian Church, Englewood, N. J., 12mo, \$1.25. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. The volume contains seventeen sermons, not occasional discourses, but such as, as a minister, formed the ordinary ministry of the author. They are eminently practical, bringing the Gospel in its every-day application to business and social life home to the heart. But they are rare discourses, marked by true eloquence, earnest and often very impressive. These sermons, as is rarely the case, are interesting, if not as interesting, to read as to hear.

What We Really Know About Shakespeare, by Mrs. Caroline H. May, D.D., Boston: Roberts Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25. This book was called out, in part, by the Shakespeare-Bacon discussion, and in part by listening to two or three club essays in which the low origin and lack of education of the great dramatist were asserted. Mrs. D.D. found, on these occasions, that while the opinions of the writers were not accepted, few were able to give positive, well-founded reasons for their objections. Her studies had enabled her to turn to volume and page of confirming testimony, and at the suggestion of her listeners she has gathered up her facts and evidence, and presented them in a convincing form in this interesting monograph. Her readers will heartily appreciate her investigations, and read with pleasure a volume that is so much in accord with their convictions, and so well defended by abundant evidence.

Root-Bound, and Other Stories, by Rose Terry Clark. The Evangelical Publishing Society, Boston, 16mo. These sketches will, many of them, have a familiar sound to readers of the

Congregationalist and other religious newspapers; but they are well worthy of their present neat and permanent form. "The Dragon's Week" will bear reading with profit often, and will always bring water to the eyes. Many of the other sketches are full of natural pathos, and are all excellent.

THE COMING OF THE LORD, by Rev. John C. Rankin, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 12mo. This volume is an enlarged and revised republication of an article first published in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*. It treats of Christ's coming as a realized event—in His Gospel Kingdom, in Providence and Grace, and in Person. He does not believe in another personal advent upon the earth, or accept the pre-millennial views. He looks for the "second" epiphany only at the distant end of the world. The argument is conducted calmly, ably, and with constant reference to the Scriptures.

FROM DEATH TO RESURRECTION, by S. H. Kellogg, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Small quarto, 50 cents. This is a thoughtful and judicious exposition of the Epistles revealing the condition of the "sainted dead." This little volume does not affect to be wise above that which is written, but presents, in a striking manner, what the Bible reveals of the future of the saint when he dies, when his body is raised and *being* the immortal life.

E. H. Revell publishes *SHORT TALKS TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS ON THE EVIDENCES*, by Rev. C. Brown, 12mo. This is an excellent little manual to place in the hands of young Christians, enabling them to give a reason for their faith in revealed religion and its divine Book, Price, 50 cents.

S. R. Winchell & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill., publish an edition, in stiff paper covers, of *Shakespeare's Works*, edited by Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Edited, with a commentary, by B. Sprague, A. M., Ph. D., 45 cents. There is no more accomplished scholar of Shakespeare than Col. Sprague, and this will appear in the examination and use of his notes in the exhaustive interpretation of the great play he has annotated. Teachers of English literature in our higher schools will appreciate his work.

The National School of Oratory, Philadelphia, publishes *THE ELOCUTIONIST'S MANUAL*, No. 13, containing fresh selections in poetry and prose, with dialogues, tableaux, etc. (40 cents); and also *FOURTEEN DIALOGUES*, adapted to school exercises or home entertainments. C. C. Shoemaker, Manager, 1416 Chestnut St. 25 cents.

From Funk & Wagnalls, New York, comes *SUNRISE ON THE SOUL: A Series of Suggestions*, by Hugh Smith Carpenter, 12mo, \$1.25. This volume contains a series of thoughtful and eloquent meditations on the subjects of hope, faith, and charity, and of other topics affecting character and conduct. They will suggest many lines of discourse to the minister, and afford rich material for reflection to the Christian reader. If any one deliberately sets himself to the reading of this volume, he will be surprised to find how it will hold him and impress him. The essays are often very eloquent as well as instructive.

From D. Lothrop & Co. we have, *BOYS' HEROES*, by E. E. Hale. Illustrated, 16mo, \$1.00. The name of the author is enough to assure any young reader that the book will be delightful. Mr. Hale tells over, in a most agreeable style, the brave deeds of Hector, of Horatius, King Arthur, Richard of the Lion Heart, Bayard, Israel Putnam, and last of all, an ideal American youth. It is a choice book for boys.

The same House issues *THE CHILDREN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY*, by Kingsley, in English History, by Robert G. Kingsley, 16mo, \$1.00. The daughter of the late Canon Kingsley tells, in a very pleasant manner, the story of the royal children who have found burial in the noted Abbey, with a graphic picture of the venerable and remarkable edifice, while the thirty-two pictures give a very correct idea of its appearance, both within and without.

INFANT PHILOLOGER; *Stray Leaves from a Boy's Journal*, by Tullio S. Verdi, M. D. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. In parchment covers, 30 cents. A thoughtful and expert physician speaks through the lips of an infant reciting the common experiences of the new citizen in his earliest days, with the sagacity of reflections upon them. The chapters are so simple and yet so singularly truthfulness to nature, and will not only bring the smile to the mother's face, but suggest an abundance of information which will be invaluable to her.

Ginn & Co. issue, in paper covers, in their college series of Greek Authors, "Euripides Bacchae," by I. T. Crane, 30 cents. A thoughtful and expert physician speaks through the lips of an infant reciting the common experiences of the new citizen in his earliest days, with the sagacity of reflections upon them. The chapters are so simple and yet so singularly truthfulness to nature, and will not only bring the smile to the mother's face, but suggest an abundance of information which will be invaluable to her.

From Fowler & Wells Co. we have, *A LUCKY FAIR: A Story for Mothers of Home and School Life*, by Ellen C. Kenyon, 12mo, \$1.00. Many home problems are illustrated in this simple story. The treatment requisite for different classes of children, the effect of early influences, the jewel that may sometimes be snatched from the dust, in the adoption of a child, the evil of over-indulgence, and the natural interplay of young people at school and at home, are all graphically pictured in the pages of this pleasant story.

MAGAZINES.
The frontispiece of the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* is a beautiful little girl from a painting by the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds. Then comes a "Little Christmas Tree," by Susan Coolidge. "Santa Claus on a Lark" is pronounced by a certain little girl's "splendid idea." "How Fish Climbs Hill" is a very curious

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 30, 1885.

UNWELCOME MESSAGES.

We hope none of the present readers of the HERALD will salute the editor or publisher with a doleful New Year's message,—"Stop my paper." It is not our wish to part company with any of our readers. The family needs religious reading, and each member of the church needs a paper of his own faith, that his love and loyalty to the church of his choice may not wane. Zion's HERALD belongs to the Methodists of New England, and just in proportion to the manner in which it is sustained, will its usefulness be increased. Hence, let every reader be true to his own denominational paper by continuing his subscription, and inducing others who do not take it to do so.

A new year! A mystery! Beginnings have no story to tell. Alpha is the starting point of a language and a literature, but not an expression of coherent thought. We wait in trembling and travail at the dark doors of which Time keeps the key, not knowing what a day shall bring forth. Shall 1886, as it nears its end week by week, be a ship coming into port with a rich freight, spars all sound and colors flying, or a ship coming in with cargo lost, jury-masts and tattered canvas? We are in the presence of that book of the Apocalypse sealed with seven seals, over which the seer of Patmos wept, because no man was found to open and read the book.

Mystery tests manhood and gives to our human life dignity and zest. Foreknowledge would paralyze every faculty and be the end of all endeavor. But quarrying for ourselves and bringing something of nothing, we work near Him who sees the end from the beginning, and are nerved to move on at the bugle-call of duty. We don't know what is to be. We do know what ought to be. Leaving to God what is to be, we strive for what ought to be. Endings contain revelations. When a year closes or a man dies, the year has a history and the man is judged. Thus Christ's life, the greatest in human annals, looked ever to its ending as its greatest period. The words, "Mine hour is not yet come," are constantly on His lips, even when He raised the dead. He was a mystery until He died and lived again; the ages are only gradually revealing Him, and possibly the judgment day alone will supply the key to many of the enigmas given to the world in the cradle of Bethlehem.

Nothing of the coming year, everything of the past year, is ours. We have bound its record into the book of life. We could not rewrite it any more than we could change the orbit of the earth. We are makers of history, and history is as unchangeable as God. We are not statesmen, literal philosophers; but we, carpenters, farmers and blacksmiths—are scribes of eternity, and cannot erase. With the close of the year we have sent another volume to the press of God.

Some of the beginnings of '86 will lack completion. Looking down the misty avenues of the coming year, we see wasted faces, transparent hands, the nurse, the doctor, large bright eyes looking at us with the hungry eagerness of death, as if they would look through us into the eternity beyond. We see crabs on door-bells, and carriages waiting in the street. Let mothers prepare to give up their children. Let children be ready to part with their parents. Let pictures be taken and sacred looks be clipped from the head; for before the new year is old, the pictures and the ringlets will be all that is left of those whom the Destroyer has wasted.

In religion, beginnings without true endings are the saddest of all failures. A layer of first principles with the mason sitting on it, is not Christian character. "Ye are God's building," not God's pile of lumber and brick. They often finish temples of stone with a cross, but there is one temple to be surmounted, not with a cross but a crown, "which temple ye are." A con-

version, a baptism, a communion, are not endings, but building material, which, if not used in construction, becomes rubbish. Of all ruins they are the most doleful where the serpent of temptation finds a shelter and the bats of unbelief fly in and out.

He who would have a finished product as the result of a year must work for it. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." But what did the beginning, even of God, amount to? This—"the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Disorder and darkness—that was all. But God continued for six days, and the beginning, which was a mass shapeless and shrouded in gloom, had an ending—such as we see around us. It is the glory of God that He does all things well. The ring of your hammer in the shop and of your earnest voice in the church will, by the blessing of God, bring forth here and eternal life hereafter.

Begin the year well. The young man who proposes to sow several acres of wild oats runs the risk of raising only wild oats forever—a seedy, shabby camp-follower, instead of an officer, or even a decent private in the ranks. Men hedge themselves terribly by false beginnings. Be true rather than false, plain rather than ambiguous, on one side rather than on both, and if a few hard blows are in store for you, the caress of the Divine Hand will soothe the wounds. Drop the habit which harms your soul. Take up the duty you have omitted. Become a Christian. Be a better Christian. The first week will probably give character to the fifty-two. Guard it as zealously as the seraph does the gate of the Holy City, lest there enter into it anything that defileth.

"Behold a sower goeth forth to sow," is true of every man being entering the new year. Let no man underrate his influence. He is not a mere mechanic, he is a sower. The universe is full of germs. A look, a word, has the germinating principle as much as a kernel of barley. What we hide, we plant. It will come up. There is no dead thing anywhere. The very carcass swarms with a myriad lives. Because men forget the germ that waits in everything, they talk about trifles, and do not see the State prison in the stroke of the pen which is to get them out of temporary trouble. "I will make it all right before it is found out;" but it is found out when it is done, and they will make it all right when they can make a new universe. No man works so close to God as he who determines to be true. He handles germs, and the precious seed of generous purpose and honest work will end in harvest which the angels of God will help to gather.

The new year has a rainbow around it. Heaven, which seals the book, does not forbid the hope that good fortune is written on its leaves. If last year's voyage ended on the rocks, we may build new ships from the remnants of the wreck and start again. Thus does God compensate men for the sadness which often tinges the close of a day or the end of a year. The sun sets to rise again. Weary and discouraged, we close the door of the old year, but as Peter to the cripple at the temple gate, Hope says to us at the entrance of the new year, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Like wonderful pictures hidden by drapery until a set day, the truest joys of life are wrapped at first in clouds. The earth must feel the plough in her heart before you get the harvest. Christ suffers the pains of crucifixion before He attains the glory of resurrection. And if New Year's greetings falling into a sorrowful life seem to be like rubies thrown into the sea, God rules the year and can bring us to its close with the star in our right hand—"In all these things we are more than conquerors." It is absolutely certain that God wishes us every one, "A Happy New Year!"

THE AUTHENTICATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Many of our ministers and members, who were present, a week since, at the meeting in Tremont Temple conducted by Rev. Mr. Aitken, the Episcopal evangelist, were doubtless familiar with the line of thought he pursued. The text—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation"—has always been a favorite one in our ministry. Some of us have listened to majestic discourses upon this Scripture. There was no attempt, however, by the speaker at originality of interpretation or application. A good portion of the sermon was uttered in both a conversational tone and manner. Almost before the introduction was completed, personal incidents were introduced. There were only two or three occasions where the speaker permitted his theme to raise him to a height of sustained eloquence for a few moments. But probably none who were present, whether ministers or laymen, were ever so deeply impressed with the distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel that Paul preached, as on this occasion; it was its power! Its power to save universally, Jew or Greek, whoever accepted it. It was not in the least shorn of its power by the estimation in which it was held; the Jew might look upon it as a fraud, and the Greek as folly; still its preaching among both nations wrought out the same spiritual miracles.

The theme is as applicable to Bos-

ton, and our own country to-day, as it was to Rome or Athens. The final test of any faith is its power to save and its ability to point to the subjects of it, and to say, "There are my apostles known and read of all men." It matters not how skillfully a religious theory may be developed, how successfully it avoids the criticisms of modern science, how happily it harmonizes with our best feelings and highest sentiments, what justice it does to our manhood—if it cannot save men who are in the midst of temptation; if it cannot redeem the self-abandoned and the vagabonds of society; if it fails to rescue the slave of his vices and to respond to the appalling cry of helpless humanity, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" whatever else it may be, it is not the Gospel of Paul, or of the New Testament. However a man, by resoluteness of will and the use of religious aids and associations, may cast off evil habits, cultivate generous tempers and sweeten his life in his home and in his circle in society, unless it relieves his soul from the condemnation of sin, and raises him to constant and blissful communion with God, whatever he may have done for himself, whatever he owes to early culture, whatever others may have done for him, he has not yet understood what is meant by the power of God as revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Just here we divide with our neighbors who share with us the Christian name, and illustrate in their lives the ethics and the humanities of the New Testament. We wish to be understood to say, that we divide with them in their theory of human salvation. Many of them, individually, as we personally know, are holy men and women; they are really saved by the Gospel of Christ through faith in Him in spite of their intellectual creed. They love the Saviour; they enjoy prayer; their emotions seek expression often in the tenderest evangelical hymns, such as,

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine,"

and "Rock of ages, cleft for me." But we are separated by a serious chasm when it is proposed to renew society and to save sinful men by their views of the provided remedy. Who ever heard of a bad portion of any city redeemed, as was the lowest portion of Edinburgh under the ministry of Chalmers, or of Five Points, New York, under the preaching of the Gospel of the crucified Son of God, by simply ethical teaching? Who ever heard in any community near to a church not believing in the interposition and atonement of a divine Saviour, of depraved and desperate men—drunken and hopeless men—being awakened and drawn into the fold and becoming models of morality and piety? If a church cannot accomplish this, is not the divine element wanting? Has she the power of God unto salvation? She may have many beautiful and commendable traits, but she lacks the one thing which saves. "We cannot say now," said the powerful Catholic prelate, in his elegant palace, furnished with the wealth of the nations, "like the first Peter, 'silver and gold have we none.' " Neither can we say, "We are the daring response, 'in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.' "

Perhaps no portion of Mr. Aitken's discourse was more effective than his illustration of the two lecturers going out to perform their mission—one to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the power of God, and the other to preach "the gospel of the nineteenth century." Both meet a helpless, impenetrable man, who has long fought against his appetites until he has given up in despair. One is ready, at once, to meet the desperate exigencies. He comes with the assurance of a divine Fatherhood and infinite love, with the proffer of pardon, and, what is more, just what the abandoned wretch most needs, divine power. His appetite is conquered; a diviner life flows into his soul, and he is enabled to cry out and say, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is easy to see what an insoluble problem the helpless drunkard would be in the presence of "the gospel of the nineteenth century." He could be told of his exalted manhood and possibilities; he could be exhorted to put forth a manly volition; to give his attention to higher and nobler thoughts; all this and more could be said, and the poor fellow would simply stumble on to the next saloon and drive one more nail into his coffin.

To thousands the Gospel of Matthew and John, the Gospel that saved the jailer of Philippi, the Gospel that so marvelously and immediately transformed a Zaccheus and a Paul, is a stumbling-block or superstitious folly even in our day; but, thank God! everywhere, in Japan and India, in

London and Boston, in palace and hovel, "unto him that believeth it is the power of God unto salvation." It is the one truth to preach to sinning men, and the only truth that can renew and save.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A very interesting incident occurred at Wellesley College, last Wednesday evening. On that day the Christmas holidays commenced, and a large portion of the students left for their homes; but the college was never more brilliantly illuminated. In the presence of a talented young minister of the New York Conference has for some time given intimations of a serious purpose in relation to a member of the teaching corps of the institution, and last Wednesday evening his plan was fully disclosed and consummated in the presence of many witnesses. A large company gathered at the college, which was placed in its most attractive guise through the kindness and efficient efforts of the president, Miss Freeman, and Mrs. Durant, treasurer of the institution. The occasion was the marriage of Rev. F. Mason North, of the West Harlem M. E. Church, to Miss Louise J. McCoy, instructor in Greek of the college faculty. Miss McCoy graduated in the class of 1879, and after spending a year in Europe, was called to the chair which she has filled with signal ability. An accomplished scholar and teacher, she has succeeded by her personal attractions and sweetness in winning the universal and fervent love of her classes. No one has thought of being surprised at the choice of Mr. North, however much the friends of the college regret to lose so successful a teacher. But the marriage relation is both an ordinance of nature and a law of God, and few earthly barriers can prevent its operation when the benediction of heaven rests upon it. Certainly the higher education of woman only enhances its probabilities, and secures its wisest adaptations.

The beautiful chapel, specially adorned for the occasion, was filled with the friends of the college and of the parties to be united. Ex-Gov. Chalmers, Mrs. Chalmers, Mrs. Durant and Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, trustees of the college, with Prof. Horsford, Prof. Sewell, and Mr. Arthur Gilman, who are visitors of the institution, were interested guests. Dr. Huntington and Prof. Brown of Boston University, Rev. Chas. F. Rice, a classmate of Mr. North, and Rev. W. I. Haven, with the faculty of the college and a large number of the alumni of the institution, were present to add their congratulations to those of the family friends. Rev. C. R. North and Miss Lila were present from the bridegroom's family. The marriage ceremony was very elaborate, and was fully carried out, with a grace and perfection of detail that could only be secured in a company of well-trained lady-students. Ten young women, members of Miss McCoy's classes in Greek, were the ushers and bridesmaids of the occasion. They preceded the bride party, led by President Freeman and Mrs. Durant, who were attended by uncles of Miss McCoy, and followed by the bride who leaned upon her mother's arm, while the organ poured out its sweet strains. Mr. North, accompanied by his friend, Rev. J. C. S. Haverhill, had reached the platform by another entrance just in advance of the approaching procession. The ushers separated, and the bride and bridegroom advanced to the step of the platform where they knelt a moment in silence. As they arose the editor of this paper read the address to the people and to the participants, with the betrothal forms in the ritual. They then advanced upon the platform to a temporary altar under an arch of bridal bells, attended by Miss Freeman and Dr. Harrower, with the bridesmaids on either hand, where Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, proceeded with the marriage service according to the remainder of the ritual, varied only by a touching extemporaneous prayer.

At the close of these services a delightful reception was held in the Browning room, and an elegant supper was served in the parlors. The presents made by friends were numerous and rich. Rings of fair girls surrounded the happy couple, as they stood, under the canopy, and showers of rice and shillings bore ample witness to the enthusiasm of a very large and happy crowd. Rev. Mr. North took back with him to his pastoral charge an earnest Christian worker, who will ever eagerly with him into all his labors, as well as an accomplished and very attractive lady. New York is to be congratulated, in securing, as she has so many times before, another rich New England prize.

A large and protracted missionary anniversary was held in the Academy of Music, New York city, on Dec. 17. Bishop Harris presided, and Dr. Butler officiated as chaplain. Dr. Reid opened the speaking of the evening with an address very similar to the one delivered a week since in Bromfield Street Church. Gen. Flisk was particularly happy and eloquent in his speech which followed, taking a very hopeful view of the missionary outlook, but calling earnestly for more consecration and enthusiasm. Dr. Buckley paid a high tribute to Bishop Taylor and his work, and defended the church against the charge of failing in her missionary contributions, as compared with the sister denominations. Bishop Hurst, with his heart so freshly wounded by the death of his beloved daughter, made a powerful and eloquent address, referring at length to his own observations among our Oriental and European missions. The treasurer of the Society, John M. Phillips, esq., made a report, showing that the General Mission Society had appropriated for next year \$90,886 to extinguish the debt, and \$90,115 for the work, making a round million in all, while the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has appropriated \$192,477. Dr. McCabe took the service at a very late hour upon a retiring audience. He made a rousing address, and secured, before he closed, \$30,300. The promise of the million for the coming year seems every way hopeful.

We have been requested to publish a pamphlet of seven octavo pages which Mr. Thomas W. Price, of Philadelphia, has issued, in addition to his previous address to the Board of the Church Extension Society. The second paper is directed to the 1,800,000 Methodists forming the communion of the church in the land, and this is to be followed by another publication containing a review of the "vindication of the Board." It will be seen, at once, that such an extended controversy (for, of course, the Board will be heard from again, and already Dr. Kynett is out with a pamphlet of twelve pages) cannot be carried on within the limits of a weekly newspaper without exhausting the patience, if not the threatening the piety, of its readers. Besides, in the wide circulation of these printed documents, the necessity of such a publication is removed. All persons seeking to become acquainted with this discussion can be readily supplied by the parties in interest with these "fly sheets." Neither can it be said that the widespread membership of the church is kept in ignorance of the controversy, for the character of it is announced in the public press from one end of the country to the other, and attention is excited by the sensational headings in the newspapers. The new document is not so much an indictment of the management of the Church Extension Society, as it is a sharp

protest against the action of the General Conference in bringing under its control all the funds of management of the great benevolent enterprises of the church, and in securing such a change in the charter of the Church Extension Society from the State of Pennsylvania, through the special efforts of Bishop Simpson, as to bring it into absolute harmony with the act of the General Conference, and the present form in the Discipline of the church. Mr. Price thinks this action of the Pennsylvania Legislature in granting this charter was unconstitutional, and he sought, in vain, to show that body that it was so when under discussion. He believes that the course of the General Conference in this assuming control of these societies virtually, by their power of nomination, places all of them in the hands of the Bishops of the church. He is alarmed on this account. He sees in this a serious and threatening aggregation of power. He does not, very properly, believe "in the divine right of the clergy to rule the church." His reason, however, is by appeal and petition to the General Conference, where the ablest laymen of the church, by whose legislation the present condition of things has been brought about, are always to be found—men jealous both of their rights and of the honor of the church of their choice and love. Mr. Price intimates that the church papers are unwilling to give a hearing on questions of this character, criticizing the acts of official men. Our difficulty, however, has been altogether of another nature—simply a lack of space, and on account of the original publication of the whole charge and rejoinder in a separate form. We are frank to say that we have yet seen no established charge affecting the honest and faithful management of our benevolent funds. The criticisms that have been made have been frankly met. As to the personal statements in the secretary's rejoinder in reference to Mr. Price, we are equally ready to say that they are not in accordance with our taste as to the proprieties of debate. On the question of modes Mr. Price has a right to his own judgment, but the legislature of his State, the General Conference of his church, and the great body of its intelligent members, are evidently of a contrary opinion. We therefore decline to open our columns to a protracted and impractical controversy, while we have no doubt that these printed publications will have some influence for good, with all their irritating personalities, in awakening an even more careful supervision of our great charitable organizations.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The *Dunlap Reporter*, Iowa, contains extracts from a Thanksgiving sermon by our correspondent, Rev. G. L. Nye, which the editor speaks of as the best he had delivered in the place. Its subject is a very important one—"American Citizenship"—and seems to have been treated in a thoughtful and impressive manner.

Very interesting services were held in Calcutta, India, Nov. 11, at the opening of the Methodist Publishing House, No. 7 Esplanade. After devotional exercises, Dr. Thoburn gave a brief history of the Methodist press in India. His "life and soul" had been Rev. T. Craven. He is now to have charge of the new publishing house. Representatives of sister churches were present, and a breakfast lunch turned the services into a love-feast. The first publication was a small tract giving the history of the enterprise, and its proposed work. Rev. J. M. Thoburn, Jr., set up the tract during the morning exercises, his wife read the proof, and Rev. T. Craven struck it off, while Mrs. Eddy made the American dough, which formed the favorite portion of the lunch. Success to this brave and important enterprise! May "its leaves be for the healing of the nations!"

Our venerable and esteemed Bro. Randall of Maine writes, in forwarding an obituary:—"I trust the above will come within your limit. A God-fearing, upright, and useful man. You have my hearty sympathy and support. I am pretty well in my forced inactivity. Happy, trusting in God."

Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely has published a tract upon an important subject and specially applicable at this hour in this vicinity. It is entitled, "Lotteries, Injurious and Illegal." The Doctor shows, however they may be disguised, or associated with humane, benevolent, or religious objects, they are only evil and baneful in their effects, and that continually. It is excellent seed to sow, and has met with warm appreciation from the press. Published by the Rev. J. F. Folsom, P. 12mo, 32 pages, 10 cents.

Miss Annie Payson Call has prepared a little manual entitled "Motion," for the girls of LaSalle Seminary, giving the outlines of her successive exercises as director of the gymnasium, with suggestions as to the care of body and mind in order to secure the best advantage from the physical discipline. It is valuable without a good teacher, and admirable with one. The little hand-book has many blank leaves in which to note down the teacher's suggestions and to keep a diary as to progressive improvement.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National W. C. T. U., calls upon the ladies of the Association specially to recognize the 8th of January, in the history of the W. C. T. U., as the day of the Evangelical Alliance on that day, among the subjects for prayerful consideration, has suggested "the abolition of the traffic in slaves, opium, intoxicating drinks, and all other immoral trades and practices." She proposes that special meetings of the Unions in cities and large towns shall be held during the day, and that earnest emphasis shall be given to the effort "to secure such laws as will adequately protect the innocent and punish their brutal pursuers," under the clause of the "abolition of all immoral trades and practices."

We welcome the issuing of the new Methodist Year Book for 1886 by the Book Room at New York. Its church statistics have become well-nigh indispensable. Magee has it.

Rev. W. W. Le Seur, pastor of the M. E. Church, Allston, Mass., was suddenly called to Philadelphia last Wednesday by the death of his sister—an excellent Christian lady, wife of an official member of St. John Methodist Church.

Our Principal Bragdon, of LaSalle, has been making a visit among his friends in Evanston, Ill. While there he delivered an address, of which the *Evanston Index* says:—"Prof. Bragdon must have felt complimented, not only by the quantity but the quality of his audience. It was a merited tribute to his splendid record as an Evanston high school scholar, and as the most successful educator known to modern Methodist annals. His address will never be forgotten by any who heard it. Its language embodied the author's life of quiet Christian manliness, and the impression of reserve power in the speaker's words to each word a ton's weight of emphasis. 'Self-control' was the theme, and self-denial the proved method of climbing the heights of God-like character."

We have heard with unusual interest the paper of Rev. Geo. W. Hunt, one of our Methodist pastors in Taunton, Mass., which he delivered, by request, before the Board of Trade of that city. It is upon the imminent and exciting topic at this hour of "Labor and Cap-

ital." The essay is written in excellent form, and is thoughtful and practical. Its circulation among employers and laborers must be attended with good results. Mr. Hunt was both a laborer and an employer before entering the ministry. He speaks from large personal experience, as well as from much thought and reading. He presents fairly the complaints of laboring men, the exactions of capitalists and monopolists, and, also, the dependency of labor upon capital. He sets forth the revolutionary principles of modern socialists and radicals, and shows how their opinions simply tend to anarchy and chaos. His practical suggestions in the present emergency are excellent. The whole discussion is eminently thoughtful, and should be published in tract form for general circulation.

President C. H. Payne, LL. D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, says:—"Dr. Hartzell's lecture on 'Storm Centers in the Republic,' was received in Delaware with great favor; it was listened to with marked attention by a large and appreciative audience composed of about six hundred students of the Ohio Wesleyan University and nearly as many citizens. The lecture awakens the deepest interest at the same time that it discusses great problems which are to-day occupying the attention of the most thoughtful American minds. Dr. Hartzell is an excellent speaker as well as a sterling man, and his presentation of the important subject will command the respect of the public."

The meeting of the Social Union, on Monday evening, the 21st, was an interesting occasion. There were now about two hundred members connected with it. The last year has been one of marked prosperity, and special thanks are due the officers for the successful endeavors they have put forth to maintain and ever increase its usefulness and interest. The entertainment of the evening was rich both materially and intellectually. At the close of the supper, after prayer by Rev. C. E. Davis, the following officers for next year were elected: President, Harvey N. Shepard, esq.; who made a very graceful speech of acceptance; vice president, Rev. Elijah Horr, D. D., and Geo. D. Sargeant, esq.; secretary and treasurer, Willard S. Allen, esq.; directors, Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., Rev. W. T. Worth, Leavitt Bates, esq., Mr. C. E. Kimball, and Mr. Everett O. Plisk. The special service of the evening was the reception given by the Union to Prof. Buell and Prof. Cramer, of the Theological School of Boston University. The addresses of these brethren were admirable every way. They were playful, instructive, devout, and substantial, showing very evidently that the trustees of the University had made no mistake in their choice of men to fill the vacant chairs in the institution. With the next meeting of the Union a new year opens, and it promises to be one of increasing gratification and improvement to its members.

Bishop Taylor writes a letter from London, Eng., dated Dec. 11, after his visit to Leopold II. of Belgium. His interview with the king was quite characteristic. He learned from one minister at Brussels that it would take fourteen days to secure an interview. Bishop Taylor's "King's business" requires haste, so disregarding all royal routine, he went at once to the palace, and in half an hour made arrangements for a meeting. At the appointed time the king met him at the door, and gave him his hand with a hearty welcome. The Bishop gave the king a full account of his mission and his proposed visit to the Congo Valley. The king expressed his great pleasure and readiness to co-operate with him by all the means at his command. The Bishop said much unexpected and is deeply moved by the repeated instances of the Lord's leading hand in his great work, and naturally breaks out into the devout doxology, "Glory to His holy name forever! Amen!"

Chaplain Bates, of the Meridian St. Methodist Church, issues in a neat tract a statement of the work on land and sea undertaken by his mission. It combines sanctuary, Bible depository, a daily reading-room, tract office, missionary boat for ship visits, general city home mission service, and correspondence with the absent seamen. Its influence is felt in every important commercial port, and its evangelical power is shown in a constant revival. No human mind can measure the full results for good of such an institution; it is the power of God unto salvation.

Letter from Bishop Mallalieu.

TO PASTORS AND OTHERS: By private communication I have asked a considerable number of our pastors to assist in the erection of our new University building in New Orleans. The plan suggested is very simple, viz., that they should secure the co-operation of their Sunday-schools and the superintendents of their Sunday-schools, and by combined effort raise at least \$100 each for this worthy cause. It is believed that several hundred of our Sunday-schools could do this. By such effort the young people would become interested in the grand educational work of our church in the South, and at the same time cultivate a spirit of sympathy and helpfulness for the poor and needy. Any Sunday-school contributing \$100 for the new Orleans University and sending it to the undersigned, shall have the privilege of naming one of the rooms in the building. Responses are already coming in. Still more come. They will be promptly acknowledged.

W. F. MALLALIEU, Resident Bishop.
New Orleans, La.

To the Benevolent.

I have undertaken the task of clothing and educating a little boy of nine years. His mother is dead, and his father is unable to keep his family of seven children together. This little boy, the youngest but one of the family, was in a fair way to be ruined by the associations of the street, when his father came to me, and, with tears, begged me to do something to save the boy from ruin. I secured a place for him in a family school, where he has been for the past twelve months. I want to keep him here for several years longer, convinced as I am that the principles of the school will make a man of him. He reports that the boy's progress in all respects is excellent, and there is no reason why he should not make a good and useful man.

If any friend or friends would consider it a privilege to help in this matter, either with money or clothing, I shall be very glad to correspond with such.

Geo. C. KING,
Pastor of Centenary M. E. Church,
Provincetown, Mass.

Methodist Historical Society.

The regular monthly meeting last Monday (21st) was replete with interest. The literary report among the accessories to the cabinet of relics some rare documents connected with the early introduction of Methodism into New England—such as the formula of the certificate required of all who did not support the regular ecclesiastical establishment of the old Calvinistic type, which was donated by Bro. John H. Mansfield from among the papers of his grandfather, as was also a bill for the board of Rev. Jesse Lee. Quite a list of books and pamphlets was also announced as having come to the rooms at the Wesleyan

Building; and the corresponding secretary cheered the hearts of those present by referring to the fact that great interest is beginning to be felt in the prosperity of the Society from many portions of the country outside of New England.

Rev. Dr. Talbot read an exceedingly interesting sketch of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Coggeshall, of the New England Southern Conference, bringing out the many and valuable traits characterizing this remarkable man in such analytic completeness as to enhance toward him by all who already cherished acquaintance. Interesting personal tributes to his memory were given, also, by Revs. L. B. Bates, J. B. Husted, R. W. Allen, and W. S. Allen, esq.

The sixth annual meeting of the Society for the choice of officers and hearing the annual report is to be held Monday, Jan. 18, 1886, at 10.30 A. M., in Wesleyan Hall, the Boston Preachers' Meeting having kindly allowed the use of the room by the Society for that occasion.

A Commendable Enterprise.

One of our great railway lines, the "Atchafalpa, Topeka and Santa Fe," has established a number of reading rooms, locating them at the various division points, one of the more important being at Topeka, the seat of its general offices. For these reading-rooms the company purchases a good line of newspapers, periodicals, and general literature, reference books. Other volumes have been contributed by various persons in the East and by others living in the towns where the reading-rooms are located. This effort of the company to provide attractive places of resort for its employees in these frontier towns, where they may not only be free from immoral influences, but induced to wholesome reading, is worthy of great praise. If any readers of Zion's HERALD can spare one or more volumes from their own libraries to enrich the collections of these railway reading-rooms, their kindness will be gratefully appreciated. Such books may be expressed to Mr. W. L. Way, A. T. & S. F. Railway Office, Topeka, Kansas, or to myself at the same place.

W. X. NIXON.

The Week of Prayer.

The following are the topics suggested by the Evangelical Alliance for the approaching Week of Prayer:

- Sunday, Jan. 3.—Sermons:—"Occupy till I come." (Luke 19:12.)
- Monday, Jan. 4.—Praise and Thanksgiving.
- Tuesday, Jan. 5.—Humiliation and Confession.
- Wednesday, Jan. 6.—The Church and the Family.
- Thursday, Jan. 7.—Home and Foreign Missions.
- Friday, Jan. 8.—Nations and Governments.
- Saturday, Jan. 9.—The Christian Life.
- Sunday, Jan. 10.—Sermons:—"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." (Luke 12:35, 36.)

The Churches.

(See also Page 7.)

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.
Boston Preachers' Meeting.—A motion prevailed to have preaching before the meeting on the second and fourth Mondays of the month. Several speakers took part in discussion of the question of reaching the non-church-going people of our communities. Rev. L. B. Bates is to close the discussion after the class-meeting exercise next Monday.

Personal.—The following resolutions, signed by Revs. T. C. Watkins, J. W. Hamilton, L. B. Bates, and S. L. Gracey, were unanimously adopted by the Boston Preachers' Meeting on Monday, Dec. 21:—"WHEREAS, We have learned that our brother, H. W. Bolton, D. D., is about to remove to another field of labor, therefore,
Resolved, That we appreciate the earnest preaching and faithful labors of Dr. Bolton in our midst; that we regret his departure from among us; that we will pray for his success in preaching the Gospel of Christ in the great city of the West; and that we heartily commend him to the fellowship and affection of our brethren of Chicago and vicinity."

Boston, Temple St.—This church gave a farewell to their late pastor, Dr. H. W. Bolton, on last Thursday evening. The pangs were crowded from early in the evening until 10 o'clock. During the evening the company were called to order, and a very appreciative address was made by Bro. Isaac Mills, who presented a roll of greenbacks to the Doctor, and spoke words of cheer, which will comfort him for some weeks in his western home. The Doctor was also given a reception by his Charlestown friends at the home of Bro. Liverus Hull.

Meridian St.—An unusual interest was awakened in the Christmas anniversary. The tree prepared for the Sunday-school children contained presents of suits or parts of suits of clothing, which were distributed to two hundred needy children. Eighty-seven of these were children whose fathers were seamen who were lost at sea, or had died within the last few years. Bro. Bates and his society are very efficient in their care of the poor in the Island ward.

Swedish Mission.—The third quarterly conference was held Dec. 21, and the reports showed that the last quarter has been very successful. The mission has never been in a more prosperous condition than at the present time. Souls have been soundly converted to God. Eight have been received on probation, nine into full connection, and four by letter. Fourteen members and probationers have been dismissed during this last quarter than during any preceding quarter in the mission's history. The ladies' sewing society, by a sale, Nov. 26, added to the building fund \$281. This building fund was formed by the sewing society twenty months ago, with \$61.17, and they now have over \$700. The Sunday-school has a book case and a splendid library. During the three years and seven months since the pastor, Rev. H. Olson, took charge of the mission, he has received into this church 188 on probation and

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We shall not go into particulars here as to the fine things that are coming in the new volume which begins with the November number; you can send us a postal card, and we will forward specimen pages of November number and prospectus free. In November begins "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a serial story by Mrs. Frances H. Burnett; the next number, December, is the great Christmas issue; and in January, Mr. W. D. Howells's story will appear,—and so it goes right through the year. Horace E. Scudder is writing an interesting—mind you, an interesting—biography of George Washington; Miss Alcott writes short stories for girls; Helen Jackson (H. C.) has left more "Bits of Talk for Young Folks"; J. T. Trowbridge writes a serial; the series of papers on the great English public schools, Eton and others, will delight the boys,—and "Drill," a serial story of school-life, will introduce a subject of importance alike to fathers and sons; the daughter of Charles Kingsley is writing about "The Boyhood of Shakespeare," and,—but we said

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The Family.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

The wind which had been blowing hard,
As if upon a bender,
Had lulled; and, lo! the winter sun
Went down in golden splendor.
The stars came out with shining eyes,
The moon in all her glory,
While happy boys and happy girls
Were musing on amors.

The evening bells struck nine, their notes
Through all the village ringing,
While, in the hearts of children, hope
To sweetest bloom was springing;
He comes, the dear old Santa Claus,
Old Boreas cowering;
He comes, and in his tandem team,
O'er crisp snow-banks flying!

The children listen with delight;
Hark! hear the sleigh-bells humming!
And now they look, and seem to see
The northern monarch coming;
Arctic piston, like a dream,
Is full of pictured beauties,
While busy hands and loving hearts
Are doing loving duties.

The night wears on; still soft and clear
The moon and stars are beaming,
And in their warm, soft beds the while,
The children now are dreaming;
Ours, three, four—the clock went on
(For time his course was winging),
And a nearer, nearer every tick
The happy moment was bringing.

At length along the eastern sky
The golden day-gleams started,
And broader grew the belt of light—
The night had departed!
Sweet carols welcome in the day,
The merry bells are ringing,
And up and down the little town
The merry singers sing.

Slowly God's great, grand sun uprose
In his deep sky of blue,
And kindly on the waiting earth
His warming splendor threw;
Then merry Christmas wishes rang
Through cot and palace home,
The glory of the day was here,
The Christmas morning come!

Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on,
And bring your gifts of cheer!
Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on,
And help us year by year!
Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on!
O Star of Bethlehem, rise!
And guide us to the morning, where
God's Christmas never dies!

CHINESE SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY, D. D.

Prominent among these is the Sabbath-school connected with Trinity Baptist Church, in 55th St., between Lexington and Third Avenues. Of this school, the excellent and motherly Mrs. Carto, who originated it about seven years ago, is the superintendent. On the 23d of November, 1885, its roll contained the names of 73 students, all of whom were males, and the majority of whom were laundry men by occupation. Of the forty-six teachers forty-four were females, and two males. The average attendance of the Chinese at this school has been forty-eight for some time. Fifteen of them are Christians, and six of this number are members of the Trinity Baptist Church.

After entering the school, we were first shown into the Bible-class room, where six young Chinamen were studying the English version, and were the recipients of sound instruction from their teacher, Mrs. Thmas. All the pupils spoke English more or less fluently, and looked well in their ordinary American attire. One of the greatest attractions in the room was a pretty baby, of about twelve months, whose color and features indicated mixed parentage—a Mongolian father and a Caucasian mother. Christ weeping over Jerusalem was the subject of the lesson, in which all seemed to be deeply interested.

Returning from the Bible class room to the main school-room, we were found about forty young and middle-aged Chinamen, each of whom had a teacher. The text books employed were an "English and Chinese Reader," and a dictionary, prepared by Rev. J. M. Condit, missionary to the Chinese, and published by the American Tract Society. "English and Chinese Lessons," prepared by Rev. A. W. Loomis, was another text-book in use.

The work of teaching must be somewhat irksome and tedious; nevertheless, each of the young and middle-aged teachers seemed to prosecute it with patient enthusiasm. The spirit of Mrs. Carto has evidently been communicated to them. The reward of success in attempting to lead these heathen to Christ, is ample for all the effort expended.

Some of the pupils were in Chinese, others in American costume. Some had cut off the queue, others retained it. Those who retain it expect to return to China sooner or later; those who have parted with it, expect to be permanently domiciled in the United States. The presence or absence of the "pig-tail" has little or nothing to do with Christianity. "We give our hearts to Christ—not our queues, except as we please," remarked a Christian with a happy smile. The singing of a Chinese version of "Jesus loves me, this I know," was peculiarly sweet, harmonious, and energetic.

It is worthy of remark that the spirit of caste was conspicuous by its absence. Each of the teachers sat by the side of her pupil, and in most cases sang from the same book. Each had a smile and a cordial hand-shake for the arriving or departing Mongol. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* This was in harmony with—nay, was—the essential spirit of Christianity. Surely this Sunday-school is a theological seminary, of which these ladies—mainly Baptists—are the professors, and in which the Lord is training the future evangelists of China.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF RICHES.
Many of the unpaid volunteer teachers of the heathen, and also of the ignorant Roman Catholics in this city, are ladies who support themselves by their own exertions, and who, at no small cost of self-denial, provide most of the money necessary to carry on their work. Had the late William H. Vanderbilt made arrangements for the wider dis-

tribution of his charities, he might have accomplished more good. We are well aware that it is not within the compass of any one man's power to do everything; but, in charities as well as in business, the capitalist may multiply himself and his means of usefulness by the judicious employment of agents in the wise distribution of his surplus. It is an enormous responsibility that attaches to the stewardship of a man whose annual income is \$10,000,000, and whose yearly expenses of living are about \$200,000. The aggregate wealth of the rich man, who passed away so suddenly, was computed at \$200,000,000. It is with great difficulty that an ordinary mind can conceive of so vast a sum. *Harper's Weekly* states that it is greater than the "assessed value of the total property of the four States of Nebraska, Colorado, Nevada, and Oregon; greater than the property of any one of sixteen States in the Union; and so great that he could have paid the entire debt—State, county, and municipal—of all the New England States, and have been still many times a millionaire." This fact would undoubtedly have been of greater personal interest to thrifty New Englanders if he had actually paid their public debts; but, as he never had the slightest intention of doing so, we may let it pass for what it is worth. Clearer notions of Vanderbilt's unparalleled income may be entertained when it is considered that it amounted to \$1,200 per hour, or \$28,800 per day. These facts are enough to turn some selfish natures green with envy; and more than enough to start trains of thought in reflecting Christian minds that would lead them to the farthest possible remove from that baleful passion.

Extraordinary wealth was Mr. Vanderbilt's chief claim to distinction—but not his only one. He was a careful, capable, and ordinarily conscientious business man. His love of art is said to have been genuine. His love of fast horses—not a strictly allied quality—was unquestionable. Half a million dollars given to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons for the founding of a School of Medicine; over \$100,000 to the Vanderbilt University for the establishment of a theological school; \$100,000 paid for the transportation of "Cleopatra's Needle" from Egypt to Central Park, constitute the bulk of his life benefactions. Denominational and other charities receive large bequests by his will, but the forces which go down into the very depths of society, and which, by purifying and regenerating the very dregs, lift up, strengthen, and beautify the whole mass, received but little additional vitality and effectiveness from his assistance. He was a large man, but not to every large man it is given to see that the largest good must come to the world from the largest charity and the largest work for that largest number who necessarily contend with the largest life difficulties in the shape of poverty, ignorance, immoral and criminal surroundings, and all the bad tendencies inherited from ancestry similarly circumstanced.

During the entire morning Rena thought of the rare service of St. Paul's—so near, and yet so far. After the second service of the day, she walked in an unhappy, perturbed state in a direction opposite from home, and one which led her by the little station. She really had premeditated no such course when with aimless steps she sauntered off by the railroad, feeling simply unwilling to go immediately home. But the train was standing ready, about to start for the city, and several persons were hurrying in to secure seats unusually well filled for the Sabbath.

Seized by a sudden, unconquerable impulse, Rena entered a car and settled herself for the trip. She was burdened with a sense of real guilt as she thus wantonly transgressed one of God's strictest commands; yet for a few moments she also experienced a sense of exultation that after all she was going to be present at that lovely Christmas concert. She resolved to make no attempt to see Ida Strong; she would go alone to St. Paul's, and be sure to return on the ten o'clock train—the last one which would stop near her home. Despite the consciousness of wrong-doing which oppressed her, the poor child hoped in an unexpressed, forlorn way, that possibly she might hear or learn something which might ease that increasing sense of want—a want that haunted her with its vague, ceaseless cravings, wherever she might be.

When the doors of St. Paul's were opened, Rena had been standing before them for more than an hour. Yet in the rush which followed the opening of the great church, the bewildered girl was pushed hither and thither, and only succeeded at last in securing a seat well to the rear.

At home, as evening approached and no Rena appeared, the deacon's plaintive murmurs suddenly gave place to an angry, emphatic declaration:—

"Mother, I do believe that girl has gone to the city and means to be at St. Paul's Church to-night! I've read what high-down music they expect to have, readin' and responses and all that, and I'm down on the whole notion! I declare, I've a good mind to take a chestnut mare and go and find her; best thing I could possibly do, seems to me."

And Deacon Hastings, betrayed by a most unwarrantable desire to execute condign judgment, did what he had never done before in his life—took his horse and buggy and started for the city on the Sabbath.

But when he reached the church, he realized the utter uselessness of attempting to discover any particular person in that vast throng. He meant to withdraw at once, finding his errand a fruitless one, but a young man was just beginning a sermon, he thought, and before he knew it he was standing riveted to the spot where he had entered, just inside the doors of St. Paul's church.

When Rena found herself actually seated in the great edifice, everything was so new and strange that all other feelings were merged in those of pleasure at her delightful surroundings. It seemed to her the voluntary on the organ was the grandest music she had ever heard, notwithstanding she had attended at concerts in the city. Then Dr. Heard's sermon, brief but impressive, stirred up the old longings at the young girl's heart. The anthems inspired her with a wild desire to hear more of such singing; it promised relief, heart's ease, and his soothing melody so full of Christ.

Then a young man, graceful and finished in manner, ascended the sacred rostrum and began his thrilling story. Little ripples of bird-like music, never rising as high, thrilled in unison with the flute-like voice, as the story of the nativity was told. Then the events of the holy life became clouded, sad. The music trembled and throbbed under the skillful touches until the instruments seemed like living things in pain.

Rena was glad now she occupied a back seat. There was something which threatened to prove overpowering in this presentation of "the sweet story of old."

The trial of the cross came on. The organ only moaned softly, accompanied

by sweet, wall-like strains, now nearly dying out, then sobbing back into distinctness of sound, as the tender recital went on. The heart of the great audience bounded with sympathy, while the majestic rhythm of the musical voice and the minor notes of the voiceful music still kept solemn company, until it seemed as if the listening throng were standing with bated breath by an open sepulchre.

Then followed a moment of oppressive silence; then the organ sounded a glad note, responded to by a thrill of melody from the other instruments, and the choir burst into a grand, triumphant song—the song of a risen Saviour; brief, inspiring, exalting.

As the shout of victory died away, the speaker in impassioned tones impressed upon each listening ear the burden of the story; the redeeming power of the cross, the love of the Christ who came to save—to save! Who would not believe in such a Redeemer? Who would not accept gladly such salvation?

The quivering voice ceased; the music hushed; and unable longer to control her pent emotions, Rena gazed softly from the church and went sobbing around a corner of the great building only to run violently against a man evidently seeking some spot in which to hide feelings as strong as her own.

"Ah, I beg your pardon, child," said a husky voice; but at its familiar sound Rena cried half joyfully,—"O father, father! I am so glad it is you. I know I was naughty, dreadfully naughty, to run away to the city without permission, but never mind, father dear; I'm going to be good after this, for I know I have found a Saviour in this blessed church to-night. And I only wish," she added, her voice choking,—"you could have heard the story of the cross as it has been told here."

"I heard it, child, I heard it," owned the deacon simply, "and I don't wonder it drew you. I must own, a fine speaker can seem in earnest, and music—a wonderful elevating thing as some folks can make it. I'm sorry, Rena girl, I didn't let you come when you wanted to; it seems like I made you break the Sabbath; but come, I've got the buggy down the next street."

Happy Rena! A few Sabbaths later she joined the church, and that same evening, as Deacon Hastings stood ruminating at the gate, Capt. Dunham strolled along for a short chat.

"Well, deacon," began the slow-spoken old sailor, "I'm glad to see your little girl has come out on the Lord's side. Loosened the lines a little, didn't you?"

"No, no, father, I didn't, more's the pity; I'm affered my self-will was stronger than my judgment 'bout some things. But the child, she broke loose, and went to one of those beautiful, meltin' services 'allers condemned without knowin' anything about. You see, they told her the same dear old story she'd heard ever since she was a baby, but it wasn't in the least as Dr. Sewall tells it, and what with the fine language and the most touchin' music, it was like some romance, only dretfully true; and I tell you, captain, it struck right home! If I hadn't 'a been a believer before, I know I'd 'a been converted just as that dear child o' mine was."

"You see it takes different ways to draw different ones," observed the captain.

"Yes, yes," assented the deacon, "I understand better now how 'twas Paul said he became all things to all men if by any means he might save some. But it's a great mistake for old folks to scorn new ways; true, we may prefer what we've allers had, but it's just astonishin' how powerful strong a new way o' hearin' a grand old story will strike home. I wouldn't 'a believed it!"

The Little Folks.

LITTLE MARGARY.

BY KATHERINE LENT STEVENSON.

The Christmas bells were ringing,
Were ringing glad and clear;
And every home and every heart
Seemed filled with Christmas cheer;
When said, pale little Margary
Sole forth the joy to see;
And, as she heard the bells' glad chime,
"Oh, ring," she cried, "for me!"

No Christmas joy was in her heart,
She had no warm bright home;
She shivered as the bells' glad peal
Rang from the tall church dome.
For sick, and desolate, and sad,
Was Margary that night,
When Christmas bells were ringing glad,
And Christmas fires burned bright.

She stole along the brilliant street,
She paused by many a door;
The light, and warmth, and gladness cheer
But made her sorrow more.
She saw homes filled with brightness,
And children mad with glee;
There is no mother's love," she said,
"No Christmas joy for me."

She sank at last, faint, weary,
Within the broad church door;
The bells were chiming overhead,
The storm raged wild before.
There, as the music sounded,
She felt no longer sad;
"I think the church must be my home,"
She said, "I feel so glad."

"Why, it's all warm around me,
All warm, and glad, and bright;
Are the bells calling for me?
Yes, yes, I see a light!"

"I am going to my Christmas"—
Then all was still again,
While, overhead, the Christmas chimes
Still rang the mad refrain.

The sexton found her later,
And he gripped the light to see—
But the Christmas joy shone on the face
Of little Margary.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

It was near the close of a short winter's day in the mining section of northern Pennsylvania. In fact, it was the day after Christmas; and the sexton of a certain village church had been busy all the afternoon "clearing up" after the festivities of the previous evening.

The Sunday-school children had all been there with their parents and friends; and there had been a delightful programme presented, with the usual variety of recitations, singing, and speech-making. Last of all, there had been many beautiful presents distributed, taken from two large trees. But the trees had served their purpose, and so the sexton had taken them, still ornamented with gilt stars and garlands of pop-corn, and thrown them out into the yard between the church and the parsonage.

The pastor's three children espied the treasures; and, glad of an excuse to travel back and forth through the light snow, they were soon gathering the pretty trimmings from their branches. As it was an unusually cold day, our young friends had to go into the house occasionally to warm themselves; and after one of these visits to the kitchen stove, they returned to the yard only to find two boys there, evidently prepared to capture one of the Christmas trees.

"They're miner boys," whispered little Sue.

"What you doing with our trees?" shouted Charlie.

"None yer business!" was the surly answer.

"Well, I guess you better ask if you can have 'em," responded Charlie.

"You've had all your good times with 'em. I seen yer las' night," said the boy who had not before spoken. "I hung on the windy las' night, and hearn yer speak yer piece, I did," and he chuckled, showing his white teeth which contrasted queerly with his black face.

"Well, what you want of the trees anyway?" asked Charlie, thinking it now to hasten matters in view of the snow-balls being moulded by the older boy.

"It's for this feller's brother. He got hurt awful las' week, 'nd he don't have no good times. I told 'im 'bout yer big time, 'nd so we see the trees out here, and hitched onto one. Fur him, ye know."

"O well, you can have it as well as not, can't he, Grace?" and Charlie turned to the older sister.

"Yes, and we will bring back the pretty things we took off, so it will look better."

Charlie, who was watching the older boy, noticed that at this point the big snow-ball dropped from his hand.

The children ran into the house, and soon collected strings of pop-corn, empty cornucopias, and gilt stars enough to adorn the dismantled branches.

"I know them b'ys," said Maggie, the kitchen girl, as she looked through the window. "That biggest one is a bad lot, but little Jim is good enough."

"And is the big boy's brother really hurt?" asked Grace.

"Yes, so my brothers told me last night."

"Then I'm going to fill this cornucopia with candy. Come, Sue, give us some of yours."

"You may as well give them three of those oranges that were left over," said their mother. "And there are some of the little pails, too, filled with peanuts. Give them a couple."

And so it came to pass that the children carried off quite a munificent collection of good things. The older boy met their advances with the same surly and defiant expression that he had worn from the first; but "little Jim," as Maggie had called him, was radiant.

"Thank ye! Hi! We'll have a bigger time yet than ye had here. Come, Pat, take a hold here. You got to help drag the tree, or I'll leave it be."

So Pat "took hold," rolling his eyes toward the children in a solemn yet comical way.

"Don't he look just like a nigger?" whispered little Sue.

The children began to laugh "above a whisper" at this, and fearful of being overheard by the warlike Pat, they retreated pell-mell into the kitchen.

"Maggie, what does make those miner boys so black all the time?" asked Grace, as she warmed her hands.

"They washes up when they gets home," said Maggie; "but wouldn't ye be black yer self if ye had to set in the coal all day, pickin' out the slate?"

"But seems to me they needn't get so much on their faces," said Charlie.

Maggie looked at the boy pityingly.

"Anybody'd know yez come from Boston," said Sue.

"But we didn't all the same. We came from New Hampshire, I told you."

"Well, an' don't I know that New Hampshire is in Boston? I've been to school meself."

Charlie and Grace looked at each other laughingly, but their curiosity was now aroused, and they begged Maggie to tell them all about the "miner boys" who work.

From the big wheels and things, but they will bother round sometimes. Same as yer mother tells ye to keep away from the kitchen, and ye won't do it."

This broad hint was not lost upon the children, and very soon Maggie was the sole occupant of her "realm."

"Charlie, put some coal in the furnace, and open the dampers," called his mother, a moment later.

More thoughtfully than usual the boy shoved the "black diamonds" into the glowing fire. He held the shovel poised a moment to examine a few bits of slate among the coal. He took a piece and ran his finger along the this sharp edge.

"Yes, sir!" said he to himself; "it must hurt to catch at such things all day. I'll bet folks that live away from here don't know how it makes the miner boys' hands bleed to pick out the slate."

But meanwhile, what had become of the Christmas tree? It was progressing slowly, as the boys did not care to reach home until after dark. As they were passing a little store, gay with cheap Christmas toys, Pat darted in, selected a bright red silk handkerchief, and hid it carefully within his blouse.

Then they went on, passing numerous "drinking places," from which the sickening fumes of liquor came through the swinging doors. Higher up were the little homes of the mining population, on either side of the straggling streets. These people—Irish, Welsh, English and a few Americans—were nearly all employed at the collieries nearby, whose huge black "breakers" were sharply outlined against the clear, pink sunset sky. Pat's home was a tiny black house just around the brow of the hill. When the boys reached it, they stole around to an open shed in the rear where they expected to "arrange" their tree. Then little Jim ran home to wash up and notify Bridget and Mary of the fun in store.

The girls had just come in with a heavy basket of coal they had been picking up from the nearest coal heap.

"Tired, are yez?" their mother was saying. "Ye better be thankful we can get the coal without the expense of payin' for it. Give yer arms a good rubbin' now."

But the girls forgot their aching arms when Jim revealed the plan for the evening.

"Only twenty-five cents admission, reserved seats for the family, baby 'nd all," said Jim as he scrubbed his face thoroughly with warm soap suds.

"Ye'll see the identical tree that was on exhibition down yonder las' night, except the presents. Mr. Burlingame can't be to Pat's, but I'm comin' out on a spache meself."

"Likely ye'd borra a few brains first, Jim," said his mother, well pleased, nevertheless, with her boy's quick wit.

Mrs. McClusky herself was rather above the average of her neighbors, as she still retained some of the luxurious habits formed while living with "nice families." For instance, a clean white cloth was no uncommon sight upon her tea table, and she made it a rule to wash the children's faces and the lamp chimney every other day. Jim showed his appreciation of these gleams of refinement by saying, just as they were ready to start,—

"Mother, take along our two lamps, won't ye, now? They have the darkest light ye ever did see over to Pat's."

Mrs. McClusky, nothing loth to exhibit her clean chimneys, called a halt; and her liege lord, who usually walked with his hands in his pockets and pipe in his mouth, was forced to carry the lamps, while she followed with the baby and the two little boys. The larger children went by way of rocks and fence and snow.

"O my sow!" cried Pat's easy-going mother as she opened the door. "If this isn't the fine time for our Johnny. Sit ye here with the baby. Annie, give yer chair to Mr. McClusky. Now you and Katie go yonder with Bridget and Mary, and the little b'ys can set on the fut of Johnny's bed if ye'll not jump up and down. It hurts his poor arrum if it be moved."

"I don't care!" sung out Johnny from his low bed in the corner. "I kin bear jogglin' better'n to be here alone by meself."

"Hear the b'y!" said his mother. "He alone with the house full o' children! Feyshter thinks there be enough."

The old grandfather in the other corner, almost concealed by the clouds of tobacco smoke he was puffing from a short black pipe, grunted a decided affirmative. Before the "audience" had become weary, Pat and Jim appeared, proudly bearing the tree, and followed by Pat's sister Bridget, who was home from her "place" for the evening. She had brought a quantity of cake, nuts and apples, sent by the lady for whom she worked, which, added to what they had before, made a fine display. The tree was firmly "planted" in a small tub, and bore its weight of glittering stars, strings of pop-corn, fruit, confectionery, and red silk handkerchief, with real Christmas dignity.

"O-o-o-o!" cried the children, as a brilliant light from Mrs. McClusky's lamps fell upon it.

"You just understand that Johnny's the owner o' this tree, 'nd this whole show's fur him!" said Pat, who was by nature so warlike that he was hardly able to express a peaceful sentiment.

"Ye didn't mean to say just that, did ye now?" said Jim, throwing his cap into one corner, and stroking his "crown-lock" to place. "This 'ere is our Sunday-school, and I'm Mr. Burlingame meself, if ye please; and Jim, who could mimic anything, drew himself up and held his head at one side.

"Hi!" cried Johnny. "I kin see 'im!"

"Now then, we'll begin this programme with music."

At this proposition Mr. McClusky laughed so heartily that he was obliged to remove his pipe from his mouth.

"Course we kin sing the one we sung when we went round 'walthin' with the Jones' boys and Morgy Evans," said Pat, and immediately struck up a wild yet musical tune—one of the Christmas carols brought by English families from the "old country."

The children all joined lustily to swell the harmony; but, perhaps through ignorance, they spoke the words as indistinctly as a fashionable choir, and all the audience could hear was "Bethlehem's Star."

"Now then, my dear children," here Jim beamed upon the little company. "You'd order be thankful for all the good things that Christmas brings. There's many a boy 'nd girl would be glad jus' to look at such a tree as this if there wasn't no prislent at all for 'im. But you kin look as much as ye please, and then expect to pick up some of the fruit that falls from its branches. Now why don't ye clasp yer hands?" asked Jim in his natural tone.

"I wanted to las' night when the rest did, but there was the windy. Couldn't let go, ye know, 'thout fallin'."

Thus reminded of their duty, the children rewarded their speaker with wild applause, while Johnny cried out, "Hi! Give us some more, Jim."

"Quit yer noise, Pat. Listen now, will ye, then. Where'd I leave off? Oh, I know. Ye kin all have prislents. That's what he said. Because it's Christmas. Once there was a little b'y, 'nd he had a chance to go to a big place one day. Well, he went through the illegant rooms a holdin' his hands behind his back so not to sile anythin'. By'n by he come to a room where there was lots o' fruit—grapes 'nd paches 'nd pears 'nd 'ud—"

"Bet ye I'd filled my pockets," said Pat.

Jim scowled his disapproval, and went on with telling emphasis: "He was a honest b'y. He wouldn't 'a touched one of 'em more'n he would so much blatin' powder. No, sir! 'nd by 'n by the king come along 'nd sez he, 'Take hold, little b'y,' 'nd help yerself. This 'ere is for children, so they'll love to come in here 'nd know how much I think o' 'em. He wasn't a well-off b'y, 'nd so he wanted to put the things in his pocket 'nd divide with the babies to home, 'nd the king said he liked that best of all, 'nd so he put some in a paper bag."

"Mr. Burlingame didn't say so," roared Pat.

"That's what he meant, and don't ye dare say another word. So, dear children, there's a great King what loves ye, 'nd He thought up Christmas so ye should find it out; 'nd all the trees 'nd prislents 'nd songs is to show ye how the King thinks of ye, 'nd He wants ye to remember little b'ys and girls what hasn't had a fair chance."

"Jus' like me," piped up Johnny, his eyes filling with tears.

"Prislents! prislents!" shouted Pat. "Mr. Burlingame, ye better go home!"

The little orator ran his fingers through his stubby hair, and remarked that, "The church folks didn't say so; but Pat was tired of ceremony. He caught the gay handkerchief from the tree and threw it at Johnny, and then followed a rapid and noisy division of good things. All in the room shared in the feast, although a looker-on would have noticed that the fairest orange, the most toothsome confectionery, and delicate cake, found their way to the corner where Johnny lay. In a remarkably short time the pretty tree was stripped, and soon after, Bridget and the McCluskys left in the best spirits, the sleepy little ones stumbling through the snow with sturdy independence, each one clasping some precious remnant of their delightful feast.

By ten o'clock everybody was asleep in Johnny's home except himself and the Christmas tree. He was tired, but not sleepy; and the close, tobacco-laden air of the warm room made his head ache, and his injured arm ached in sympathy. The Christmas tree was dimly outlined by the moonlight which shone through the little window, and it seemed to Johnny as though it understood his feelings. It certainly wore a downcast expression, and as Johnny's wide-open eyes noted how it had been pulled about by the children, he wondered if it remembered the honors of the previous night, and felt disgraced by its changed position. And then Jim's talk came back to him, and the poor little fellow thought of the King and the "prislents."

He gave, and so drifted off into dream-land with the silk handkerchief under his cheek, and his hands full of imaginary treasures.

As for the tree, standing like a sentinel there in the little dingy "miner boys' home, it certainly could have felt no envy for its companion, still lying in the parsonage yard, for it had had the rare privilege of serving at two Christmas entertainments."

THE COMING OF THE KING.
"They shall see the King in His beauty."
All day long we watched and waited,
Watched at our windows' side,
While her frail bark slowly drifted
Out upon a shoreless tide.

Zion's Herald

THE CALENDAR, 1886.

JANUARY		FEBRUARY		MARCH		APRIL		MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST		SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
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FOR THE YEAR 1886.

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The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, December 22.

Adjournment of both branches of Congress until Jan. 6, 1886.

End of the Brockton strike. The disputes between the manufacturers and laborers settled for six months, at least.

Elaborate celebration of Forefathers' Day in Plymouth, Mass.

Satisfactory adjustment of the Singer Sewing Machine troubles, at Elizabeth, N. J.

Wednesday, December 23.

But little hope entertained of relieving the embittered miners at Natick, Pa., alive. A peremptory stop put to all work by a second cave-in, which filled the mine with sulphurous gas.

Occurrence of a decided break in the Monongahela River miners' strike.

Resumption of work in the Brockton mills yesterday.

Dedication of the new public library building in Chelsea, Mass.; the address being delivered by Hon. James Russell Lowell.

The Peruvian rebellion virtually at an end, Col. Riquelme having accepted the proposals of the government.

Peace reported as concluded between France and Madagascar. A pro-protectorate over the whole of Madagascar and a pecuniary indemnity of 10,000,000 francs secured by France.

The priests of the Roman Catholic diocese of Montreal forbidden by Bishop Fabre to meddle with politics in any shape or form.

Presentation by U. S. Minister Curry of his credentials to the Queen regent of Spain.

Thursday, December 24.

An attack made by striking Pennsylvania miners in the Monongahela valley on the workmen at the Old Eagle mines near Monongahela City, with revolvers and guns, driving them off and injuring several.

Three persons killed and many badly injured by a collision of trains on the Western North Carolina Railroad, twenty miles east of Asheville.

Presentation to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of the gold watch voted by the city government of Boston for his memorial oration on Gen. Grant.

Collision of a passenger and freight train on the Boston and Lowell Railroad in Billerica, Mass. Several persons injured, one fatally.

Occurrence of a terrible collision explosion at the Ferndale pit, near Pont y Prid, Wales, killing fifty men and burning scores of others.

The Colonial Cordage Company's rope-walk in St. John's, N. F., destroyed by fire, the property loss aggregating \$140,000.

Friday, December 25.

Brigham Young Hampton convicted at Salt Lake City, Utah, of complicity in a plot to incriminate federal officials and gentiles.

The Anchor line steamer "City of Rome" and the "America" of the National line to inaugurate an ocean express service between New York and Liverpool, beginning in April next.

The Flak Jubilee Singers (colored) denied admittance to several hotels in Troy, N. Y.

George F. and Samuel Work, of Philadelphia, convicted of embezzling \$30,000 from the People's Passenger Railway Company.

Adoption of the Tonnage credit by the French chamber of deputies by a close vote of 274 to 20.

Removal already of seventy-five dead bodies from the Ferndale pit, Wales.

Establishment of peace in Peru under Gen.

Caceres. Disbandment of the troops of the late President Iglesias.

Gen. Alzupur, the leader of the recent revolutionary movement in Panama, exiled from the country for a period of ten years.

Conclusion of a treaty of commerce between Zanzibar and Germany.

Sixty lives and twenty-two vessels lost in the storm of Aspinwall on the 3d inst.

Saturday, December 26.

Two men killed and two dangerously wounded by the explosion of six boilers of the Spring Valley (Cal.) water works. The damage to property estimated at \$150,000.

Sad occurrence at a Christmas tree festival in Chicago—the tree accidentally catching fire, and the clothes of twenty persons standing closely about it being burned. One hundred persons injured in the panic which followed.

Escape to Canada of Silas E. Cheek, a prominent real estate loan agent of Clinton, Mo., who is a defaulter, having obtained over \$100,000 on forged mortgages.

Three children burned to death in a dwelling in New York city.

Great lack of discipline in the Serbian army; the life of King Milan constantly threatened.

Monday, December 28.

The night express from Boston to New York on Saturday night thrown from the track at Pelham station, about fifteen miles from New York. The engine and mail car dashed down an embankment, the others halting on the verge. The fireman fatally injured, and others cut and bruised.

Considerable damage done by Saturday's gale along the North Shore, some buildings being swept away.

The business portion of Georgetown, Mass., badly damaged by fire. Two firemen killed, and five others injured.

Cessation of all efforts to recover the bodies of the entombed miners at Natick, Pa.

An old lady named Arrington found murdered in her cottage in Foxboro, Mass.

Opening of the Spanish Cortes by Prime Minister Sagasta.

Arrival of Prince Alexander at Sofia, at the head of a portion of his troops.

Occurrence of a desperate conflict between two Irish factions, in Limerick, Ireland, in which sticks, stones, guns and pistols were freely used. Twenty persons, including several women, dangerously injured.

"VOLTAIGAL" ON ELECTRICITY.—The Passenger Department of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway announce the publication of a new and valuable work—whose scope and intent are best expressed on its title page, which reads as follows: "Voltaigal, Genius of Electricity," or Ned Benson's Adventures and Talk with one of the Geni, by "A MAN" of the Rock Island Route—respectfully dedicated to the Boys and Girls of America, by the General Ticket and Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. It is an appropriate sequel to Watt's speech on steam and its uses, which attained such a popularity a year ago. It is a carefully written pamphlet of 80 pages, elegantly printed, and will be sent to any applicant on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps.

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THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE CALENDAR FOR 1886.—A truly artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and the letter press, is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1886, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent personages. The notable cycling events are given; and concise opinions of the highest medical authorities; words of practical wisdom, including clergymen and other professional gentlemen; the rights of cyclists upon the roads; general wheeling statistics; the benefits of bicycling for ladies; extracts from cycling poems; and much other interesting information. The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, by G. H. Buck, of New York. As a work of convenient art, it is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

Welcome Soap, manufactured by Messrs. Curtis Davis & Co. of this city, is rapidly gaining the public favor. Though it has encountered an active competition, it has steadily won its way to the front, and is now considered the most reliable soap on the market. Ask your grocer for "Welcome Soap," and you will be sure to get the best in the market.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS, ROCKLAND DISTRICT, EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Pastors and members of churches in this district are invited to attend the annual conference of the district, to be held at the residence of Rev. W. L. Brown, of Rockland, on the 1st and 2nd of January next. Let there be an advance in the offerings of each church.

CHANGES. SPEAKERS. Rockland, W. L. Brown, J. D. Payson, Bristol, W. W. Oakes, W. L. Brown, Bangor, L. H. Hanson, G. E. Fitch.

China, J. S. Thompson, J. W. Perry, Clinton, S. H. Beale, J. S. Thompson, Cushing, O. Tyler, C. Rogers, Danvers, L. H. W. Ward, W. W. Ogler, Dredon, J. P. Simonton, M. F. Brigham, E. Vassalboro, J. H. Baker, E. S. Gahan, E. Boothbay, W. F. Chase, G. S. Bulphun, E. Knox, S. S. Gross, S. H. Beale, E. Platon, J. A. Morien, W. H. Jackson, Friendship, S. M. Danton, J. H. Bennett, Georgetown, J. D. Payson, J. Hiram, Lincolnville, W. H. Eldridge, R. Clifford, Montville, J. H. Beale, W. H. Eldridge, N. Waldoboro, S. Bickmore, O. Tyler, Platon, S. B. Byrnes, S. Bickmore, Rockland, C. L. Mills, T. R. Fentost, Rockport, S. L. Hanson, S. M. Danton, Round Pond, E. A. Giddens, O. Simonton, Seaboard, T. H. Penicook, J. H. Beale, Sheepscot Bay, J. T. Crosby, I. H. W. Ward, Southport, G. H. Chadwick, W. F. Chase, S. Thomaston, C. Rogers, S. L. Hanson, Thomaston, J. H. Clifford, C. L. Mills, Union, G. E. Fitch, L. H. W. Ward, Unity, E. S. Gahan, J. H. Baker, Vassalboro, M. F. Brigham, C. A. Plummer, Waldoboro, J. H. Bennett, E. A. Giddens, Washington, J. W. Oakes, Westbrook, G. B. Chadwick, C. A. Plummer, Windsor, W. R. Jackson, S. B. Byrnes, Wiscasset, J. Hiram, J. A. Morien, Woolwich, G. S. Bulphun, J. T. Crosby.

A Model Florida Town.

Is Belleview, Marion County, Florida, a success? Are the lives men offered there good? Are the managers reliable? These questions have been asked so often, that after careful investigations, here are the answers by well-known men who have been to Belleview, investigated and lived.

Gov. J. L. Chas. of Florida, writes: "Belleview is a model town, and an assured success; the statistics in the Co.'s circular are reliable."

Rev. L. H. HALLOCK, of Portland, Maine, writes: "I have visited and invested in Belleview. I am delighted with the climate, character and prospects of the place. Mr. J. H. Foss, 51 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass., the manager, is an honorable man; the investments offered by him are first-class."

Prof. G. G. Bush, Ph. D., from Boston, now of Belleview, writes: "I have lived in France, Italy, and in most of the noted health resorts, but give the preference to Belleview. I have invested in the stocks, lands, and in a house."

Rev. L. D. Stewart, of Dover, N. H., writes: "I visited Belleview last April. For healthfulness of climate and good social, moral and religious influences, I pronounce it a success; its growth has been rapid. I bought some land there, and recommend my friends to do the same."

HARVEY KNIGHT, M. D., from Lowell, and Chas. J. Jordan, M. D., of Wakefield, Mass., after fully canvassing the claims of other places, have established a Sanatorium in Belleview on account of its great elevation above sea level (170 feet), and on account of the good water and healthfulness; they have also set out large orange groves.

Rev. T. H. Rouse, of Belleview, writes: "I have lived several years in California, and in the Sandwich Islands, but have now made my permanent home in Belleview. I bought my land before seeing it, and ordered my house built. The company has dealt honestly by me. This is a temperance town; the society is of the best."

Dea. D. E. CAVALLI, formerly of Melvin Village, N. H., writes: "In New Hampshire suffered much from Rheumatism and from Bright's disease of the kidneys; the Belleview climate has cured me."

Rev. H. WOODWARD, from Keene, N. H., and JAMES PENFIELD, from Penn., write that they have spent a summer and a winter in Belleview, and that they and their families have been healthy and comfortable during the entire year. The manager of this new town, Mr. J. H. Foss, 51 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass., will send maps and illustrated circulars on application. He offers to build houses for \$400 upwards, and rent them for 20 per cent. interest on cost. He offers lands for a short time at \$15 per acre upwards, house-lots \$10 upwards, 5-acre orange groves \$100 upwards, donates lands for saw-mill, hotel and for manufacturing. We advise all wishing to invest small or large sums where they will be safe and very profitable, to send for circulars. For permanent homes, winter homes, or for invalids, Belleview is unsurpassed. Marion County, Fla., with a population of 18,000, had but 45 deaths last year; this shows it to be the healthiest county in the world.

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